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AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 189 (2349).—VOL. VIII. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

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REVIEWS.

Democracy in America. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. A New Edition, with an Introductory Notice by the Translator. 2 vols. Longmans.

THE history of this book is extremely singular. It was written more than a quarter of a century ago by a young French traveller then unknown to fame, and who had scarcely completed the twenty-fifth year of his age. It was shortly afterwards translated into English by a young English writer, who had barely attained his majority. There is in our time no example of a book which so rapidly attained the highest celebrity, and which has so steadily maintained it. Indeed, subsequent experience, which is so severe, and often so fatal, a test, when applied to political speculations and to conclusions based on philosophical reasoning, has raised the character of this work far higher than its author or his most ardent admirers could have supposed to be possible at the time of its first appearance. The interest which it then possessed from the chastened elegance of its style, from the impartiality of its tone, and from the ingenuity of its arguments, is now heightened tenfold by the light reflected back upon it by the course of events. We have heard the greatest statesmen and the most profound thinkers of our age unite, without distinction of party or political opinion, in assigning to it the very highest rank in the productions of the human intellect. Sir Robert Peel, in his memorable address to the great meeting at Glasgow in 1837, took this book in his hand, and read to his audience a passage from the celebrated chapter on the Tyranny of Majorities. Mr. John Stuart Mill, who reviewed it in the *London Review*, has never failed in all his subsequent writings, as well as on that occasion, to bear his ready testimony to the matchless superiority of the work of his illustrious friend. Since M. de Tocqueville's premature and lamented death, which has been followed by the publication of a portion of his correspondence, his memory has literally been canonized in France, as much for the disinterested purity of his life and character, as for the depth and wisdom of his political writings. There is scarcely any contemporary reputation in Europe so enviable and so undisputed. Lastly, the outbreak of the great revolution which has now rent in twain the United States of America, and which threatens to transform the very groundwork of their political constitution, gives a fresh interest to these volumes, in which that constitution is analysed with consummate sagacity, and even the latent flaws which have now split into the great rift of Secession, were detected and pointed out. In fact, as the translator remarks in the Introductory Notice to the present edition:—

"The years which have swept away so much, have left this book to stand. Experience has demonstrated the profound sagacity with which the youthful author analysed the great political and social problems of the age; and at every page the reader meets with some searching intuition, which, seen by the light of subsequent events, seems to bear the mark of prophetic power. The tendency of democracy in France to the restoration of absolute military power,—the tendency of democracy in America to the disruption of the Federal Union, in spite of the wisdom which had framed the American Constitution, and the circumstances which had

favoured its duration,—the tendency of democracy to change, and in some cases to lower, the condition of society in other countries, are here not only indicated, but described with a precision which could hardly be surpassed after the occurrence of these events. Many of the facts referred to in these volumes have been modified by subsequent occurrences; but such is the soundness of M. de Tocqueville's political principles, and the accuracy of the judgments based upon them, that every opinion is as worthy of consideration as at the time when it was first formed, and may serve as a guide to futurity itself."

Such being the estimate of this work which time and the authority of the greatest men has already sanctioned, it would be superfluous for us to speak of it in the language of panegyric. But as a whole generation may be said to have entered upon life and the discussion of public affairs since the publication of the earlier editions, and as it is probable that the book is still much less thoroughly known by the reading public in this country than it ought to be, we have no doubt that many of our readers will avail themselves of this opportunity to make themselves better acquainted with it. In this age of fast writing, fast reading, and ephemeral literature, it is to be feared that too many of those works which are the basis of sound thought and fixed principles—books such as Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and Butler's *Analogy*—common as they may be, are, nevertheless, far more widely known by their titles and their indirect influence on society than by a close and sincere study of their contents. To that class of books Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* belongs, for no writer has applied himself with equal success to face the great political problems of modern society, to gauge and calculate the action of those forces which determine the political changes of the world, and to assign to them the regulated boundaries of order and of freedom.

We have already intimated that the revolutions we have witnessed since the period at which this work was composed, far from rendering it obsolete, have in some respects heightened its interest. For we who live in these days, and who are watching, for example, the prodigious changes effected by the last few months in the condition of the United States, have the means of applying, to a far greater extent than M. de Tocqueville himself, the principles he had gathered from his personal observations in that commonwealth. Perhaps if he were still alive he might be disposed to take a less sanguine view of the future condition of democratic nations, even under circumstances the most favourable to their peace and prosperity, than he did in 1833; but on the other hand, we cannot doubt that the horrors of civil war itself, which have called forth on both sides the whole energy—perhaps we may say the misguided energy—of a free people, are infinitely less to be deplored than the prostration of a nation beneath the arbitrary authority of a single ruler.

Our readers are probably already aware that M. de Tocqueville rests his whole theory of the American constitution upon an exact analysis of the local institutions of the United States. The public spirit of their townships and municipal bodies is the vital principle of the American commonwealths, and he considers the political results of these free usages to be even more valuable and important than their administrative effects. From this point of view he rises to the sovereign authority of each State, claiming and exercising supreme power except in certain cases defined by the Constitution, and at last to the Federal authority of the Union itself, extending to the cases which have been

thus reserved to its jurisdiction. Now, whatever we may think of the causes and objects of the present civil war, it is undeniable that the spirit in which it has been carried on on both sides, the enormous sacrifices which have been made by North and South for a great public object, and the ardent patriotism which burns with equal intensity, though in opposite directions, on both shores of the Potomac, are all eminently characteristic of a free people. We think in this country that the South raised the standard of secession without adequate provocation; and we also think that the North, in contending for the restoration of the Union, is contending for that which the very nature of the contest renders unattainable. So far we deeply deplore the commencement and the continuance of a sanguinary and internecine war. But when the history of these events comes to be fully known and dispassionately considered, more justice will be done to the public spirit with which myriads of men have devoted themselves to what they conceive to be the cause of their country in this contest. That public spirit is essentially the offspring of the local system of American government.

"In the United States [says M. de Tocqueville] the interests of the country are everywhere kept in view; they are an object of solicitude to the people of the whole Union, and every citizen is as warmly attached to them as if they were his own. He takes pride in the glory of his nation; he boasts of its success, to which he conceives himself to have contributed, and he rejoices in the general prosperity by which he profits. The feeling he entertains towards the States is analogous to that which unites him to his family, and it is by a kind of egotism that he interests himself in the welfare of his country."

This state of feeling, these local institutions, are the true causes which render the American civil war so grand and so terrible a catastrophe. Both in the North and in the South the war is become the sole affair of every citizen. It is probable that the most arbitrary despotic government in the world could not have placed within a single twelvemonth a million of men in arms, or sanctioned so profuse an expenditure of public treasure. The cause may be a hopeless one; the object impracticable. But that these efforts and sacrifices should be made, and willingly made, on either side, is to the glory of the American people, because it proves that they consider the attainment of public objects and the defence of their rights as free men to be alone worth living and dying for, and because they have shown their conviction that if the cause they are defending is to prevail, it must prevail by their own strength and resolution.

These are, after all, the qualities that show how men have been trained in the school of freedom, and how well they deserve to remain free. The habit of obedience to a central government may avert the horrors of civil war, but men are then consigned by the accidents of revolution from one master to another, without the power or the will to arrest their fate. The stand made by the Americans of the South for the maintenance of the principle of State sovereignty, and the stand made by the Americans of the North for the maintenance of the constitution of 1789, is the most signal demonstration which their history has yet afforded of the uncompromising energy of the American character. Such men may be enemies, but they will not be slaves.

M. de Tocqueville drew a brilliant, though not an over-coloured picture of the blessings of the Union, as he had occasion to observe them. He showed that it combined the opposite ad-

vantages of a great and of a small State; that it ensured peace at home, and power abroad; and that it afforded the best, perhaps the only, chance of that novelty in the history of mankind—the permanent existence of a republican form of government in a great nation. But with the calm and impartial spirit which characterized his mode of writing, to these favourable observations he appended the following counterpart:—

"The most prominent evil of all Federal systems is the very complex nature of the means they employ. Two sovereignties are necessarily in presence of each other. The legislator may simplify and equalize the action of these two sovereignties, by limiting each of them to a sphere of authority accurately defined; but he cannot combine them into one, or prevent them from coming into collision at certain points. The Federal system therefore rests upon a theory which is necessarily complicated, and which demands the daily exercise of a considerable share of discretion on the part of those it governs. . . .

"In examining the Constitution of the United States, which is the most perfect Federal Constitution that ever existed, one is startled, on the other hand, at the variety of information and the excellence of discretion which it presupposes in the people whom it is meant to govern. The Government of the Union depends entirely upon legal fictions; the Union is an ideal nation which only exists in the mind, and whose limits and extent can only be discerned by the understanding. . . .

"When once the general theory is comprehended, numberless difficulties remain to be solved in its application; for the sovereignty of the Union is so involved in that of the States, that it is impossible to distinguish its boundaries at the first glance. The whole structure of the Government is artificial and conventional; and it would be ill adapted to a people which has not been long accustomed to conduct its own affairs, or to one in which the science of politics has not descended to the humblest classes of society. . . .

"The second and the most fatal of all the defects I have alluded to, and which I believe to be inherent in the Federal system, is the relative weakness of the Government of the Union. The principle upon which all confederations rest is that of a divided sovereignty. The legislator may render this partition less perceptible, he may even conceal it for a time from the public eye, but he cannot prevent it from existing; and a divided sovereignty must always be less powerful than an entire supremacy. The reader has seen in the remarks I have made on the Constitution of the United States, that the Americans have displayed singular ingenuity in combining the restriction of the power of the Union within the narrow limits of a Federal Government, with the semblance, and, to a certain extent, with the force of a national government. By this means the legislators of the Union have succeeded in diminishing, though not in counteracting, the natural danger of confederations.

"It has been remarked that the American Government does not apply itself to the States, but that it immediately transmits its injunctions to the citizens, and compels them as isolated individuals to comply with its demands. But if the Federal law were to clash with the interests and the prejudices of a State, it might be feared that all the citizens of that State would conceive themselves to be interested in the cause of a single individual who should refuse to obey. If all the citizens of the State were aggrieved at the same time and in the same manner by the authority of the Union, the Federal Government would vainly attempt to subdue them individually; they would instinctively unite in a common defence, and they would derive a ready-prepared organization from the share of sovereignty which the institution of their State allows them to enjoy. Fiction would give way to reality, and an organized portion of the territory might then contest the central authority.

"The same observation holds good with regard to the Federal jurisdiction. If the Courts of the Union violated an important law of a State in a private case, the real, if not the apparent contest

would arise between the aggrieved State represented by a citizen, and the Union represented by its courts of justice.

"He would have but a partial knowledge of the world who should imagine that it is possible, by the aid of legal fictions, to prevent men from finding out and employing those means of gratifying their passions which have been left open to them; and it may be doubted whether the American legislators, when they rendered a collision between the two sovereignties less probable, destroyed the causes of such a misfortune. But it may even be affirmed that they were unable to ensure the preponderance of the Federal element in a case of this kind. The Union is possessed of money and of troops, but the affections and the prejudices of the people are in the bosom of the States. The sovereignty of the Union is an abstract being, which is connected with but few external objects; the sovereignty of the States is hourly perceptible, easily understood, constantly active; and if the former is of recent creation, the latter is coeval with the people itself. The sovereignty of the Union is factitious, that of the States is natural, and derives its existence from its own simple influence, like the authority of a parent. The supreme power of the nation only affects a few of the chief interests of society; it represents an immense but remote country, and claims a feeling of patriotism which is vague and ill defined; but the authority of the States controls every individual citizen at every hour and in all circumstances; it protects his property, his freedom, and his life; and when we recollect the traditions, the customs, the prejudices of local and familiar attachment with which it is connected, we cannot doubt of the superiority of a power which is interwoven with every circumstance that renders the love of one's native country instinctive in the human heart.

"Since legislators are unable to obviate such dangerous collisions as occur between the two sovereignties which co-exist in the Federal system, their first object must be, not only to dissuade the confederate States from warfare, but to encourage such institutions as may promote the maintenance of peace. Hence it results that the Federal compact cannot be lasting unless there exists in the communities which are leagued together, a certain number of inducements to union which render their common dependence agreeable, and the task of the Government light; and that system cannot succeed without the presence of favourable circumstances added to the influence of good laws. All the peoples which have ever formed a confederation have been held together by a certain number of common interests, which served as the intellectual ties of association."

Thus in the very heart of the Federal compact he discerned the germs of its dissolution; and the same institutions which have given so much life and vigour to the local institutions of the United States, were silently preparing the decay of the Federal authority.

From these analytical observations M. de Tocqueville proceeded step by step to the concluding chapter of the first part of his work, entitled "What are the chances in favour of the duration of the American Union, and what dangers threaten it?" At the time of the first publication of the book, this chapter doubtless appeared to be the most speculative portion of it, and that which it was most difficult to bring to the test of observation and experience. At the present moment no chapter offers so high a degree of interest, for we find ourselves actually in presence of the very contingencies and events which M. de Tocqueville had discerned at the distance of nearly thirty years. Our limits forbid us to extract this most remarkable passage, which we recommend to the attention of those who are really interested in the future condition of America. But we must confine ourselves to the leading points of M. de Tocqueville's argument.

He begins by assuming that if the existing Union be dissolved, the States would not relapse

into their original isolated condition, but that several unions would be formed in place of one. What, then, are the causes which may effect the dismemberment of the existing confederation? If the political affairs of the nation, such as war and diplomacy, devolve exclusively on the Federal Government, and the local administration on the States, there remain a number of intermediate affairs of mixed interest, touching the most essential conditions of society: where these are regulated by the Government, the tendency is to centralization; where they remain under local control, the tendency is to dismemberment. In the United States the division of power which exists between the Union and the States has in reality assigned the larger share to the States. The Federal Government watches over the general interests of the country; but the States governments are identified with the passions and interests of society itself. The Americans have, therefore, more to hope and to fear from the States than from the Union, and become more nearly attached to the latter than to the former. Their patriotism and their political activity centre even more in the States than in the Union. The consequence is, that the language and policy of the States is firm and decided; the Federal Government temporizes, and does not consent to act until it is reduced to the last extremity. The Federal Government requires the free consent of the governed to enable it to subsist. The Constitution was by no means established with a view to the possible separation of one or more of the States from the Union. If the sovereignty of the Union were to engage in a struggle with that of the States, its defeat may be confidently predicted. If the Union were to undertake to enforce the allegiance of the Confederate States by military means, it would be in a position very analogous to that of England at the time of the War of Independence. The Union was formed by the voluntary agreement of the States; if one of the States chose to withdraw from the contract, it would be difficult to disprove its right of doing so, and the Federal Government would have no means of maintaining its claims directly either by force or by right.

We have quoted every one of these propositions textually from the chapter to which reference has just been made; and although they lose much of their force and point by being dissociated from the text in which they occur, no reader can fail to be struck by their extraordinary and prescient bearing on the events of the present time. The Americans of the North are apt to assert that any man who questions their indefeasible right to subdue the Secessionists by force of arms is ignorant of the first principles of their Constitution. Yet the philosophical writer, who by their own admission has most accurately investigated those principles, arrived at conclusions wholly irreconcilable to their present Federal pretensions.

"If the changes which I have described were gradual, so that each generation at least might have time to disappear with the order of things under which it had lived, the danger would be less; but the progress of society in America is precipitate, and almost revolutionary. The same citizen may have lived to see his State take the lead in the Union, and afterwards become powerless in the Federal assemblies; and an Anglo-American republic has been known to grow as rapidly as a man, passing from birth and infancy to maturity in the course of thirty years. It must not be imagined, however, that the States which lose their preponderance, also lose their population or their riches: no stop is put to their prosperity, and they even go on to increase more rapidly than any kingdom in Europe. But they believe themselves to be impoverished because their wealth does not aug-

ment as rapidly as that of their neighbours; and they think that their power is lost, because they suddenly come into collision with a power greater than their own: thus they are more hurt in their feelings and their passions, than in their interests. But this is amply sufficient to endanger the maintenance of the Union. If kings and peoples had only had their true interests in view, ever since the beginning of the world, the name of war would scarcely be known among mankind.

"Thus the prosperity of the United States is the source of the most serious dangers that threaten them, since it tends to create in some of the confederate States that over-excitement which accompanies a rapid increase of fortune; and to awaken in others those feelings of envy, mistrust, and regret which usually attend upon the loss of it. The Americans contemplate this extraordinary and hasty progress with exultation; but they would be wise to consider it with sorrow and alarm. . . .

"I think that I have demonstrated that the existence of the present confederation depends entirely on the continued assent of all the confederates; and, starting from this principle, I have inquired into the causes which may induce the several States to separate from the others. The Union may, however, perish in two different ways: one of the confederate states may choose to retire from the compact, and so forcibly to sever the Federal tie; and it is to this supposition that most of the remarks that I have made apply: or the authority of the Federal Government may be progressively entrenched on by the simultaneous tendency of the united republics to resume their independence. The central power, successively stripped of all its prerogatives, and to reduced to impotence by tacit consent, would become incompetent to fulfil its purpose; and the second Union would perish, like the first, by a sort of senile inaptitude. The gradual weakening of the Federal tie, which may finally lead to the dissolution of the Union, is a distinct circumstance, that may produce a variety of minor consequences before it operates so violent a change. The confederation might still subsist, although its Government were reduced to such a degree of inanition as to paralyse the nation, to cause internal anarchy, and to check the general prosperity of the country. . . .

"A careful examination of the history of the United States for the last forty-five years will readily convince us that the Federal power is declining; nor is it difficult to explain the causes of this phenomenon. When the Constitution of 1789 was promulgated, the nation was a prey to anarchy; the Union, which succeeded this confusion, excited much dread and much animosity; but it was warmly supported, because it satisfied an imperious want. Thus, although it was more attacked than it is now, the Federal power soon reached the maximum of its authority, as is usually the case with a government which triumphs after having braced its strength by the struggle. At that time the interpretation of the Constitution seemed to extend, rather than to repress, the Federal sovereignty; and the Union offered, in several respects, the appearance of a single and undivided people, directed in its foreign and internal policy by a single Government. But to attain this point the people had risen, to a certain extent, above itself.

"The Constitution had not destroyed the distinct sovereignty of the States; and all communities, of whatever nature they may be, are impelled by a secret propensity to assert their independence. This propensity is still more decided in a country like America, in which every village forms a sort of republic accustomed to conduct its own affairs. It therefore cost the States an effort to submit to the Federal supremacy; and all efforts, however successful they may be, necessarily subside with the causes in which they originated.

"As the Federal Government consolidated its authority, America resumed its rank amongst the nations, peace returned to its frontiers, and public credit was restored; confusion was succeeded by a fixed state of things which was favourable to the full and free exercise of industrious enterprise. It was this very prosperity which made the Americans forget the cause to which it was attributable; and when once the danger was passed, the energy

and the patriotism which had enabled them to brave it disappeared from amongst them. No sooner were they delivered from the cares which oppressed them, than they easily returned to their ordinary habits, and gave themselves up without resistance to their natural inclinations. When a powerful Government no longer appeared to be necessary, they once more began to think it irksome. The Union encouraged a general prosperity, and the States were not inclined to abandon the Union; but they desired to render the action of the power which represented that body as light as possible. The general principle of union was adopted; but in every minor detail there was an actual tendency to independence. The principle of confederation was every day more easily admitted and more rarely applied; so that the Federal Government brought about its own decline, whilst it was creating order and peace."

M. de Tocqueville's work was not confined to the study of democracy in the United States; on the contrary, the second part (which forms the second volume in the present edition, and which did form the third and fourth volumes in the previous editions), is a survey of the effect of democratic institutions on the intellectual culture, the manners, the legislation, and the religious opinions of mankind, having reference more especially to the social condition of modern France. There, too, M. de Tocqueville's sagacity was equally clear-sighted, and before many years had elapsed, the liberal institutions raised upon that unstable soil were overthrown by the very causes he had foretold. The destruction of the liberties of his country, as the translator has remarked in his biographical sketch of the author, cast a gloom over the latter days of M. de Tocqueville's honourable life, and he suffered not the less from the return of imperial despotism, that he had long dreaded it. Nevertheless, he abated not one jot of heart or hope in that great cause of human freedom to which the power of his intellect and the influence of his life were devoted, and in the pages of these volumes he has bequeathed to his countrymen and to posterity the wisest and the truest warning ever given of the dangers to which freedom may be exposed by the unbalanced power of modern democracy.

Roberti Grosseteste Episcopi quondam Lincolnensis Epistola. Edited by H. R. Luard, M.A. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Longmans.

A VOLUME of old letters never comes amiss to the reading public. They afford such a lively portraiture of the writer, his contemporaries, and his age, without concealment or suppression, that their value is immediately recognized. They are real communications from the dead to the living. Their authors wrote without fear of invidious remark or carping criticism, and therefore with the earnestness of warm-hearted feeling, freely, unpremeditatedly, and without prosiness. In the Middle Ages parchment was dear, and men did not correspond needlessly, or spin out their sheet with unmeaning phrases and trite observations. They had something to say, and said it in the fewest possible words; and so they enable us to fix dates, gauge motives, correct misconceptions, and identify persons, with a certainty which, without their help, would be simply an impossibility.

We have now before us the letters of a man who exercised the greatest personal influence in his time. Kings, nobles, prelates, persons of all ranks, consulted him in matters of casuistry, education, and private affairs. He was

the intimate friend of the great Earl Simon de Montfort, the trusty adviser of the Crown, the admired of the University of Oxford, and the beloved of his country; in fact, canonization was in the universal opinion the proper acknowledgment of his many virtues. Robert Grosseteste, "that great clerk," as Gower called him, was Bishop of Lincoln from 1235 to 1253. His name in Latin is written Capito; which sobriquet was probably bestowed by his lively fellow-students at Paris, and is alluded to in Hudibras—

"Yet none a deeper learning boasted
Since old Hodge Bacon and Bob Grosseteste."

He was not however without his opponents; but his greatest enemy, Matthew Paris, was compelled to acknowledge his eminent worth, his bounty to scholars, his struggles to reform abuses in Church and State, his sense of the awful responsibilities of his office, and his uncompromising firmness in refusing promotion to the undeserving. Pope and King, monks and chapters, bishops and barons, he resolutely confronted, and yet king, canon, and legate, the instant the difference was composed, appeared on the same kind terms with him as before. His friends and admirers shared the general estimation of his character, but each assigned as the cause the quality of which they were severally competent judges. Tyssington praised his knowledge of Scripture, Adam de Marisco his courage, and his pupil, Bacon, his universal knowledge; which is abundantly exemplified in his intimate acquaintance with classical writers, the Fathers, and the Scripture, whose "irrefragable authority" he regarded as the ultimate appeal in controversy.

There were, however, marvellous good humour, playfulness of wit, and sound sense, mingled in his sayings and doings, which remind us of the character of Philip Neri. He told a Dominican that three things were necessary ingredients in bodily health, food, good sleep, and good humour; and enjoined on a melancholy friar as a penance a cup of the best wine, adding, when the man had drained it with a rueful face, "My good brother, if you frequently used such mortification, you would have a much better regulated conscience." He had no objection to patches on a friar's robe as a sign of the poverty he had vowed; but he reminded him that there was a step higher than mendicancy—to support oneself by one's own exertions. As to a bribe, no man ever abhorred it more sincerely than Grosseteste. The University of Oxford said he never withheld his hand from a good act for the fear of man, and was ready for martyrdom if the sword were to flash above his head. How a man of such active habits found time to write so great a number of works of various kinds is a marvel. He was an accomplished musician, played with skill on the harp, was an adept in the practice of medicine and agriculture, he knew law, understood Hebrew, wrote French poems like a *trouvreur*, translated Greek authors, made commentaries on Aristotle, annotated Boethius, composed not only sermons, but lengthy theological works besides, and treatises on mental and physical philosophy; and as if these were not achievements enough for one man even in the days of Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus, superhuman powers were attributed to him in magic and astrology, and the common folks whispered about his weird familiars—of a talking head of bronze and an infernal horse, like that of the wild Eastern tale. On one occasion the bishops deputed Grosseteste as their representative to examine a candidate for the mitre, and we may add the gentleman was "plucked."

It is melancholy to think that his principal Greek studies lay in the forgeries of the Pseudo-Dionysius and the *Testamenta XII Patriarcharum*. It may be well to add, for the benefit of certain young readers who usurp tables and places in the Reading-room of the British Museum, that Grostête said:—"Had I the power over all translations, I would have them burnt, as it is only waste of time and the cause of error to study in them." Grostête had also a very reasonable objection to hired preachers, who only care to preach so as to extract the most money. His name is best known in connection with a single letter containing a resistance to the appointment of Frederick di Lavagna to a canonry at Lincoln, threatened by his uncle the Pope, Innocent IV., who politely called Grostête in consequence "a deaf silly old madman." It was not a solitary instance of such a refusal on his part of an improper nominee preferred by a powerful patron, but he invariably acted with tact and imperturbable courtesy, even when a schoolboy not released from Ovid's *Epistles*, a layman, or a deacon bejewelled and dressed in scarlet cloth, was presented to his notice.

Grostête had a very great regard for the friars, Black and Grey, as the champions of orthodoxy, against the influence of Saracenic thought and the spread of Manichæism. He praised them to the Pope, and defended them against the Bishop of Lichfield; he became the first rector of the Franciscans at Oxford, and almost succeeded in arranging a mission of their body to Denmark. The state of the parish clergy was very low, and probably provoked Grostête to bestow his favour upon the friars, who professed to remedy their neglect. The chapters resented and even resisted the right of visitation by a bishop, while Grostête himself withstood the pretension of a similar right by the Primate; he engaged with his own dean and canons in a contest for the exercise of his power as their bishop, and triumphed. He also insisted on the same privilege in the case of monasteries. At Oxford, as chancellor and diocesan, he exercised an important influence over the direction of the studies of the University, and on every occasion when its privileges were assailed by legates or townspeople, he proved an ever-ready champion and protector. One instance of his credulity only is on record—his defence before a number of rational sceptics of the genuineness of the contents of a crystal vase, purporting to hold the sacred blood, which the King had presented to Westminster Abbey.

Grostête warmly espoused the cause of Innocent IV. against the Emperor Frederick II., and professed his readiness, though in ill health, to set out at the Pope's command to go and preach to the Saracens, even to the furthest regions of the earth. He advocated the legitimacy of children born before the marriage of their parents, abhorred the citation of a clerk to a lay tribunal, and the appointment of abbots as justices itinerant, while, in the case of the Jews, he recommended Christians to have no close intercourse with them, but decidedly urged that kings should protect them and afford them means of gaining an honest livelihood, and that the practice of oppressing them should be discountenanced and prevented by law. At Oxford the rate of interest asked by the money-lenders at this time was the moderate sum of just 43½ per cent.

Grostête was a man of the people, the child of poor parents, and born at Stradbroke, in Suffolk, circa 1175. The name of his sister Juetta, is the only one known among all his relations. Years after, when an earl asked him where he learned his manners, he made the

noble answer—"by the study of the characters of the worthies of Scripture, and an honest endeavour to imitate them." He studied both at Oxford and Paris, and ultimately, as we have already mentioned, was chancellor of the former University. He was rector of St. Margaret's Leicester, and Abbotsley, canon of Lincoln, and successively archdeacon of Wilts, Northampton, and Leicester; and resigned all his preferments, with the exception of his stall, in consequence of a severe fever, in 1232. On June 3, 1235, being summoned from his studies at Oxford, he was consecrated at Reading to the see of Lincoln, then the most extensive in the country, as it embraced the counties of Lincoln, Bedford, Oxford, Leicester, Northants, Bucks, and Hunts. He commenced with energy, for within a year he removed no less than seven abbots and four priors, suppressed the Feast of Fools, and "lifting the ram on a wheel," acot-ales, and games for prizes, and forbade the use of vinegar in the communion service. The Chapter of Lincoln were alarmed, with good reason, when he announced his intention of visitation; and on his arrival he found an empty church—neither dean nor canon, vicar nor verger, was there to receive him. One of the canons soon after preaching in the minster, while complaining of the Bishop's oppressions, exclaimed, "If we were silent, the very stones would cry out;" and no sooner were the words out of his mouth than a huge portion of the choir fell, half-choking the orator and the congregation with the dust it raised. While this quarrel was pending, Grostête maintained a few minor feuds with the monks of Hertford, the chapter of Canterbury, the abbot of Westminster, and the King himself, whom he frightened by a threat of leaving the country, and on another occasion forced to recognize an unpopular candidate for the see of Winchester. When the monks of Canterbury sent him a letter informing him that they had cursed him with bel, book, and candle, he dashed the agreeable document to the ground, though it was sealed with the effigy of St. Thomas Becket, and said bitterly enough, "I do not ask the monks ever to pray otherwise for me." Meanwhile, the canons of Lincoln appealed, and forged charters, and at length sent their dean to the Pope, then at Lyons. Grostête followed, and adroitly procured a verdict in his favour; but it is remarkable that the dean was simultaneously appointed to the see of Lichfield, and one of the canons received a good living; and it is painful to add that Grostête abetted, against the King's wish, an exorbitant exaction of ten thousand marks, and a large subsidy recommended by his friend the Pope to be levied on the clergy of England. The Pope, as usual, was in needy circumstances, and threatened an interdict in case of refusal.

The terrible Bishop soon spread consternation through his diocese by the severity of his visitations, and some of his brethren followed his example. He minutely examined into charters, rigorously insisted on residence upon livings, and provoked the Templars, Hospitallers, and other privileged Orders, to appeal to the Pope. Grostête, now old and feeble in body, took a second journey to Lyons. But gold had reached Innocent before him, and sharp words followed. Grostête expressed his keen disappointment at the conduct of the Pontiff. "What is that to you? You have freed your soul. I have done them good," retorted the Pope, and proceeded to quote Scripture. Grostête, as he left the chamber, whispered audibly, "Oh, money, money, how powerful you are, especially at the Court of Rome!" a remark which threw his Holiness into such a rage, that

he became quite incoherent in his reply, and suggested that certain Englishmen shorn their sheep to enrich foreigners. Grostête had his revenge, he wrote a political pamphlet, which he called a sermon, and it was duly read out before the Pope and his Cardinals: the subject was the abuses of the Papal Court. On his return to England he resolved to resign, but soon forgot his intention in prosecuting the most efficient reforms in his diocese; in opposing a subsidy to the Crown before the King in person, and making the curious calculation that the incomes of the foreigners whom Innocent had benefited in England amounted to above seventy thousand marks, two-thirds more than the royal revenue. Some anecdotes are on record, to which Mr. Luard does not allude, such as the impetuous speech of Innocent IV., "Shall this dotard be my teacher, whose Sovereign is my vassal?" when the cooler counsel of Cardinal Giles, of Spain, prevailed, "All he says and writes is true; we cannot touch him; if we had the power, it would not be wise." The appointment, by the Pope, of Albert of Russia, lately ejected from his see in Livonia, to Lincoln; and the foundation of a convent at Grimsby by Grostête, our editor likewise passes over.

In October, 1253, he fell ill at Buckden, and his last hours were occupied with sorrowful thoughts of the abuses of the Church, the venality of the Pope, and, indeed, almost prophetic anticipations of a day when the Church of England would be freed from her Egyptian bondage, but only at the point of a crimsoned sword. On October 13, the Primate, with many bishops assisting, laid him in his grave, in the transept of his cathedral. His death was said to have been announced by a solemn tolling of bells in the air, to the Bishop of London, near Buckden palace, and to friars who had lost their way in an adjoining wood. Miracles were supposed to be wrought at his tomb, so great was his popularity. Only one man rejoiced at his death, one only thought of exhuming his body and casting it out of the grand minster in which it lay—the Pope; and the story reads like a piece of poetic justice, which relates that this Pontiff died of fright, produced by an awful dream, at Naples, in which the spirit of his old antagonist bore a share.

It only remains for us to add an expression of extreme satisfaction with the scholarlike manner in which Mr. Luard, the new Registrar of the University of Cambridge, has edited this interesting volume.

The Early Italian Poets, from Cinullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri (1100-1200-1300), in the Original Metres; together with Dante's 'Vita Nuova.' Translated by D. G. Rossetti.

Part 1. Poets chiefly before Dante. Part 2. Dante and his Circle. Smith and Elder.

The 'Vita Nuova' of Dante. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Theodore Martin. Parker and Bourn.

Of all poets of all time, none excites so deep a personal interest, or receives so lavish a homage of heartfelt enthusiasm, as Dante. The reason of this is not far to seek: it lies in the combination of his almost matchless poetic power with his individual character, the events of his life, and the particular nature of his writings. Europe, ancient and modern, presents only two poets who can, all considerations duly weighed, be placed fully and absolutely on a par with Dante—Homer and Shakespeare. But, as it happens, we are almost entirely in the dark concerning both these divine men, in every regard, save as the producers of their

respective writings. The man Homer is the very shadow of a shade. Of Shakespeare we know more, inasmuch as our knowledge is not literally nothing, but it is little indeed, both in volume and in substance. How few and meagre the recorded events! how narrow and conjectural the inferences to be drawn from them! It is only when we read Shakespeare's life by the light of his writings that we find that the most ordinary of men—the probable deer-stealer, and husband by force of circumstances, in early youth; the playwright, actor, and manager, in manhood; the well-to-do burgess of his small provincial native town, as soon as mature years and competence permitted him to retire—was the most phenomenal of Adam's posterity. Even when we have certified this, he only remains "dark by excess of light;" we find him so all-embracing that we lose the boundary-lines of personal character, the traces of personal emotion; and we rather admit his supreme nobleness as a necessary inference than perceive it as a defined attribute.

With Dante it is quite the reverse. We know the events of his life, which are many and various, and such as to excite deep interest and vivid sympathy, even if the personality which they underlie were not that of one of the kings of men. Beside this, he has not only erected, beyond almost all other writers, the *monumentum aere perennius*, but has stamped upon it his own image with unexampled intensity. We hear his authentic voice, and watch the unfathomable awe of his countenance, and follow his measured and majestic gait, in every page and nearly every sentence he has written. He never leaves us alone before the printed page, but is always a man beside us as we read. Nor is it the mere strength of personality, but the overwhelming weight of the subject, which holds us spell-bound. The "Poet of rectitude" (as he himself defined his position among writers) is ushering us through Hell, and Purgatory, and Heaven—a seer firm-rooted in faith, commissioned to reveal the realities which lie beneath a phantasmal present; and, even apart from the great work of his life, the *Commedia*, he writes of our human state—of love and its agitations and of death—with a spiritual power, a throbbing and burning heart, which penetrate through the forms of things into their secret springs and issues. Add to all this, that he is as mysterious as he is personal, direct, and intense; as difficult to expound in his utterances as he is earnest to utter himself forth; as profoundly pathetic as he is abstract and austere; and furnishing as much matter for conjecture and speculation as for delighted and reverential acceptance; as much a sphinx as a man inspired; and the perfectly peculiar enthusiasm of the student of Dante will be fully accounted for and justified.

The most obviously enigmatical of his works is the *Vita Nuova*, or *New Life* (possibly in the sense of Early Life). English readers have not hitherto had much opportunity of familiarizing themselves with this book; but many are at least aware that it is a prose narrative interspersed with poems, relating the love of Dante for Beatrice. Its professed object, as far as it can be said to have one, is to describe the internal condition of Dante during his love for Beatrice, lasting from the age of about nine to twenty-five, and for a year or two after her death; more especially as explaining the incidents which led to the several poems written as the occasions arose, and introduced into the text. The vagueness as to matter of fact with which this object is effected may be estimated when we note that the whole narrative does not con-

tain a single name of place, and only two names of persons, the Christian names of Beatrice and Giovanna. In other respects the story may be briefly told as follows:—Dante, at about nine years of age, meets Beatrice in her ninth year, and from that moment loves her deeply. Neither then nor for nine years afterwards does he hear her voice; but, exactly at the end of the ninth year, she salutes him in the street, and he dreams of her. He falls into a languid state; and, to divert annoying curiosity, he leads people to suppose that he is in love with a lady other than Beatrice. This lady going elsewhere after a time, he selects another lady to serve in like manner as his screen. Beatrice, hearing a rumour which compromised Dante in connection with the latter lady, will not salute him when she next meets him; her salutation being "his sole beatitude" and "the goal of all his desires." He seeks to pacify her with a poem, but unsuccessfully; and about the same time, the estrangement still continuing, he meets her at a bridal-feast, and is so overcome by his feelings as to be an object of derision to Beatrice and her friends. This agitated state lasts for some time; and many people come to divine the real state of Dante's heart. At last a conversation with some ladies induces him to resolve that henceforth he will make it his solace to write the praises of Beatrice. Her father dies. A dangerous illness seizes Dante, and he has a dream of Beatrice's own death. After his recovery he sees her in company with Giovanna (a lady whom he intimates to have been loved by his friend, Guido Cavalcanti); and from this point his poems have a tone of calm and exalted joy in the beauties and virtues of Beatrice, although there is nothing to prove that they were formally reconciled, or that he met her upon terms of intimacy, or even friendship. He has commenced a poem to express his own soothed condition of mind, when she dies on the 9th of June, 1290 (Mr. Martin erroneously says October).

Bowed down with grief, Dante writes to the "Principi della terra" (literally, "Princes of the earth," but here apparently "Chief men of the territory") a paper concerning the loss which their city has sustained; he also writes a canzone, one of the most wonderful of all his poems, beginning

"Gli occhi dolenti per pietà del core."

translated by Mr. Rossetti

"The eyes that weep for pity of the heart."

He further writes two shorter poems for a near relative of Beatrice, who has asked him to compose something "for a dead lady," intending Beatrice herself, as Dante understands. His sorrow still oppressing him after the lapse of more than a year, he happens, in looking up, to see that a "gentle lady, young, and very beautiful," is gazing at him with sympathy from a window; and this lady, whenever she sees him afterwards, becomes "of pitiful aspect and pale colour, as though through love," which reminds him of Beatrice, who was likewise pale. He feels so drawn towards this lady as to have some fears for his own constancy to the dear memory of Beatrice; but a "strong imagination" of the latter as he had first seen her in childhood recalls him, and he discards all conflicting thoughts. Soon after composing a sonnet concerning Beatrice in heaven, in response to a request of some ladies who asked him for a poem, he has "a wonderful vision, wherein" (he says) "I saw things which made me resolve to say no more of this blessed one until I should be able to treat of her more worthily."

Thus ends the *Vita Nuova*; the commen-

tators understanding the "wonderful vision" to have been that of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, embodied in the *Commedia*.

Who was Beatrice? It is in vain to search through all the works of Dante for the slightest direct answer to this inquiry. Boccaccio says that she was the daughter of Folco Portinari, a distinguished Florentine. If so, it is certain that, before the 15th of January, 1287, she had become the wife of Simon de' Bardi, as Beatrice Portinari is mentioned as such in her father's will, bearing that date. The reader of the *Vita Nuova*, informed of this fact, is startled to think that no allusion is made to it by Dante; and a number of other curious details, of which our summary can only give a very slight notion, set him pondering. But he is still more startled when, turning to another and more abstruse work of Dante, the *Convito* (Banquet), he discovers that the section of the *Vita Nuova* which appears perfectly straightforward and natural, without any suggestion of a covert meaning, is wholly and absolutely allegorical: we refer to the portion relating to the sympathizing lady whom Dante saw gazing at him from a window. He is truly disconcerted to learn that this lady is not a lady at all; for these are the words of Dante himself concerning her: "I say and affirm that the lady whom I loved after my first love was the most beautiful and most noble daughter of the Monarch of the Universe, she to whom Pythagoras gave the name Philosophy." Both Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Martin assume that this unmistakable assertion of Dante is not inconsistent with the idea that there was a real lady looking from a real window, as well as Philosophy. We cannot agree with them: at any rate, we cannot admit that such an arbitrary assumption is available as a guide to the general interpretation of the *Vita Nuova*. Dante states, in the most positive terms, that he means Philosophy; and this statement we are bound to accept. But, if the lady at the window was Philosophy, was Beatrice (who is often mentioned in terms much more mysterious) a real woman? We must say that the avowed allegory in the one case acquits of presumption, or of learned absurdity, these commentators who refuse to see mere matter-of-fact in the other. When they are taunted with a resolute contravention of common sense regarding Beatrice Portinari, they may cite as their full and sufficient answer the lady at the window, who turns out to be Philosophy. At the same time, we cannot but think that a balance of all the evidence and argument is in favour of a real Beatrice, loved by the young Dante, difficult as it is to bring some parts of the *Vita Nuova*, regarding her, within a merely natural interpretation. The *Convito*, which unsexes the lady at the window, only tends to confirm the womanhood of Beatrice.

We cannot, however, enter upon the endless controversy of who Beatrice was, or what she may symbolize; our notice refers to the *Vita Nuova* itself, and more especially its two translators. The *Vita Nuova* is one of those books which may be read from either of two points of view, differing widely. Mr. Rossetti well says, "It is true that the *Vita Nuova* is a book which only youth could have produced, and which must chiefly remain sacred to the young, to each of whom the figure of Beatrice, less lifelike than lovelike, will seem the friend of his own heart." Considered thus, in a spirit of acceptance and sympathy, there is scarcely a more lovely book in the world than the *Vita Nuova*. The many poems which it contains are a roof of almost absolute perfection—the most exquisite specimens of a class of writing

of which Italy, and the period preceding Dante's birth by about half a century, and following his death by another half-century, may be said to have the monopoly. The prose narrative is hardly less full of beauty—singular in a certain grace, at once simple and stately, replete with passion, tenderness, and strangeness. Nevertheless, it can be read from the other point of view, as a scholiast and critic is addicted to reading.

In turning from the original to the translations, we may say at once that Mr. Martin's version is creditable, and Mr. Rossetti's extremely beautiful. Even apart from the interspersed poems, which can only be adequately rendered by a real poet, the *Vita Nuova* is not an easy book to translate: its pitch is too high, and its modulation too delicate.

Mr. Martin gives much more of preface and notes than Mr. Rossetti. His translations are of the poems republished from *Tait's Magazine*. They have the ordinary character of translations—nearly right in meaning and structure, but not right enough to represent a great original poet, or to lose the tone of translated work. Three rhymes in the first section of a sonnet are frequent with Mr. Martin; and four rhymes intermixed, an allowable latitude, occur at least twice. In the *Canzoni* he more than once introduces the lengthy Alexandrine verse, which is quite out of character. Occasionally, though not often, he mistakes the meaning. In the *canzone* at page 61—

"I cry: 'Oh, why, my soul, no longer stay?'" is exactly wrong. "To battle with this adversary, put forward by reason" (p. 68), is not sense; it should be, "this adversary of reason;" and we could cite other instances. Among the best-rendered poems are the so-called sonnet,

"Gentle Death, Compassion's enemy;" the sonnet,

"Of Love, Love only, speaks my every thought;" and, in the appendix, the *canzone* (a most noble one in the original),

"Oh Death, since no man listens to my cries."

We extract the first of these poems, with the quaint exposition appended to it (premising that it relates to the death, not of Beatrice, but of a friend of hers); and, in here quitting Mr. Martin, we repeat that his version is a commendable one, set before the public *con amore*, and entitling him to the good will of the English reader. One has only to turn to the translations of that elegant and accomplished scholar, Mr. Lyell, a better Dantesque scholar than translator, in his *Lyrical Poems of Dante* (renderings which, by discarding rhyme, ought at least to be close in point of substance), to be satisfied of Mr. Martin's merits.

"Gentle Death, Compassion's enemy,
Parent of grief, since Time began to be!
Inexorable doom of souls forlorn!
Since ever thou my joy from me hast torn,
That makes me sadly mourn,
My tongue is wearied in dispraise of thee.

"Sue not for pardon: I will spurn thy plea:
'Tis meet that all the world should hear from me.
Thy crime—of unblest deeds the most unblest—
Already spreads its fame from east to west:
But I, in every breast
Where Love is nursed, would kindle hate of thee.

"Thou from the world hast driven courtesy,
And what of lady is the chieftest flower—
Virtue in youth's gay hour;
All love-inspiring grace, and gladsome witchery.

"Not more will I disclose, of what I see
In her I sing, than may be known by this:
Who merits not heaven's bliss
Ne'er let him hope to bear her company.

"This sonnet divides itself into four parts. In the 1st, I invoke Death by some of his appropriate epithets. In the 2nd, addressing him directly, I state the reason which moves me to chide him. In the 3rd, I revile him. In the 4th, I address a per-

son undefined to others, although, to my own mind, he is completely defined. The 2nd part begins, 'Since even thou.' The 3rd with 'Sue not for pardon.' The 4th with 'Who merits not.'

Mr. Rossetti's translation stands, in our judgment, on a higher level altogether than Mr. Martin's. It comes near its original in point of beauty, and has the still rarer merit of reading as if it were itself an original work. It never, or hardly ever, jars upon us with a sense of inadequacy, of straining and compromising where the author gives rein to his own thoughts and his own manner of expressing himself. The reason of this is a very simple one—that Mr. Rossetti is himself a poet. He has a poetic tone of his own, which may or may not be the equivalent to that of Dante, but which suffices to make the translation a thorough work of art, always vital and at harmony with itself. His canon of work is briefly expressed: "The life-blood of rhymed translation is this, that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one." He is fully capable of carrying out his canon in practice. His translations are faithful as well as beautiful, although, no doubt, the poetic colouring supplied by Mr. Rossetti is not always precisely similar to that proper to his original. In the case of Dante, for instance, the Florentine is more reserved and austere; he conveys the unique intensity of his conceptions, in words and phrases more notably quiet than his translator does. And so with others of the writers, now in one respect, now in another. Mr. Rossetti gets at the heart of their poems by the unerring instinct of a brother-poet, and is thereby once and for ever set above any mere accurate translator who misses this; but there is often in his version something a little beyond or beside—at times a little unlike—the original, and which pertains to his own way of viewing the subject. We can only half demur to this, for it is in great measure the very thing which keeps the poem a poem in its new language, and without which it would be only a scaffolding of words with no work of art built up inside it. The building which we find inside Mr. Rossetti's scaffolding may be termed of the fine "Decorated" period, as compared with the more primitive "Early Pointed" of his author's; in other respects the resemblance is, on the whole, close, and sometimes very specially so. Such poems as have a narrative form, or a tone of dry mother-wit, might particularly be cited on this respect.

From the *Vita Nuova* we can only find room for a single sonnet, one of the most perfect and limpid expressions of a lover's joy at the sight of his mistress, and in the sense of her beauty, to be found in any poet.

"I felt a spirit of love begin to stir
Within my heart, long time unfelt till then;
And saw Love coming towards me, fair and fain,
(That I scarce knew him for his joyful cheer),
Saying: 'Be now indeed my worshiper.'
And in his speech he laughed and laughed again.
Then, while it was his pleasure to remain,
I chanced to look the way he had drawn near,
And saw the ladies Joan and Beatrice
Approach me, this the other following,
One and a second nard instantly.
And, even as now my memory spanketh this,
Love spake it then: 'The first is christened Spring;
The second, Love, she is so like to me.'"

The *Vita Nuova* occupies only eighty-eight pages out of the four hundred and eighty-seven to which Mr. Rossetti's book extends. Our reader will therefore understand that the "Early Italian Poets," who give a title to the book, are by no means a mere makeweight thrown in for the sake of the Dantesque translations. They are, in fact, the great bulk of the book; and the "Poets chiefly before Dante" even occupy a larger space than those who were contemporary with him. The theme of

love is very predominant in their compositions; and, on the whole, no period of poetry expresses the feelings of a lover with so much grace, reality (which in this case is necessarily phantasy as well), and tender absorption. The poets feel that true passion is itself purity; and, without sophistication or suppression, they write out of the fullness of their hearts. There is, however, considerable variety of subject in the whole range of the poems as, well as many phases of passion and subtilizing sentiment in such as treat of love. Those who know this literature—a small number in Italy, and a very small one indeed in England—will perceive that Mr. Rossetti's selections, without being in any degree exhaustive, are well adapted to exhibit its character and relations to other classes of poetry.

In the First Part, "Poets chiefly before Dante," to the number of forty-four, we begin with what are accounted the two earliest poems in the Italian language—a Dialogue between a Lover and his Lady, by Ciullo d'Alcamo (about 1175), very racy, quaint, and pleasing, and a love-poem of Folcacherio de' Folcacheri. St. Francis of Assisi, the great Emperor Frederick II., and his son Enzo, King of Sardinia, succeed. Guido Guinicelli is the first name (1220) of distinct literary position. Francesco da Barberino, who survived Dante, supplies various extracts from his two curious books, the *Documents of Love*, and *Government and Conduct of Women*. From Fazio degli Uberti, an author of reputation and some bulk, come specimens of the *Dittamondo*, a sort of world-pilgrimage, upon the model of Dante's next-world pilgrimage. These are entitled "Of England and its Marvels," which are no small matter, comprising men with tails; and "Of the Dukes of Normandy, and thence of the Kings of England, from William I. to Edward III." Franco Sacchetti, famous as a prose tale writer, born after Dante's death, is the only author of so late a date admitted into the collection. The subjoined poem of his, "On a Fine Day," is remarkable for the easy, natural quality which Italians expressively term "disinvoltura," and for the success with which Mr. Rossetti has transferred this quality into his rendering, along with substantial faithfulness.

"ON A FINE DAY.

"Be stirring, girls! we ought to have a run:
Look, did you ever see so fine a day?
Fling spindles right away,
And rocks and reels and wools:
Now don't be fools,—
To-day your spinning's done.
Up with you, up with you! So, one by one,
They caught hands, catch who can,
Then singing, singing, to the river they ran,
They ran, they ran
To the river, the river;
And the merry-go-round
Carries them at a bound
To the mill o'er the river.
'Miller, miller, miller,
Weigh me this lady
And this other. Now, steady!'
'You weigh a hundred, you,
And this one weighs two.'
'Why, dear, you do get stout!'
'You think so, dear, no doubt:
Are you in a decline?'
'Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine.'
'Come, girls, ('O thank you, miller!')
'We'll go home when you will.'
So, as we cross'd the hill,
A clown came in great grief
Crying, 'Stop thief! stop thief!
'O what a wretch I am!
'Well, fellow, here's a clatter!
Well, what's the matter?'
'O Lord, O Lord, the wolf has got my lamb!'
Now at that word of woe,
The beauties came and clung about me so
That if wolf had but shewn himself, may be
I too had caught a lamb that fled to me."

We would fain give specimens in some degree adequate to convey an idea of the beauty of other poets, of whom no further record survives; but we must limit ourselves to one

singularly sweet and simple, from Giacomino Pugliesi da Prato, dating about 1250 :—

"OF HIS LADY IN ABSENCE.

"The sweetly-favour'd face
She has, and her good cheer,
Have fill'd me full of grace
When I have walk'd with her.
They did upon that day :
And everything that pass'd
Comes back from first to last
Now that I am away.

"There went from her meek mouth
A poor low sigh which made
My heart sink down for drouth.
She stoop'd, and sobb'd, and said,—
'Sir, I entreat of you
Make little tarrying :
It is not a good thing
To leave one's love and go.'

"But when I turn'd about
Saying, 'God keep you well !'—
As she look'd up I thought
Her lips that were quite pale
Strove much to speak, but she
Had not half strength enough :
My own dear graceful love
Would not let go of me.

"I am not so far, sweet maid,
That now the old love's left :
I believe Tristram had
No such love for Yseult :
And when I see your eyes
And feel your breath again,
I shall forget this pain,
And my whole heart will rise."

The second part, "Dante and his Circle," includes fourteen poets; the chief of whom, besides Dante himself, are Guido Cavalcanti, Cino da Pistoja, Cecco Angiolieri, Dino Compagni, and the great painter Giotto, whose caustic canzone "On the Doctrine of Voluntary Poverty," is his only extant poem. Many of these writers interchanged poems with Dante, interpreting each other's dreams, exhorting and admonishing one another, especially on the subject of constancy in love—each having a fling at his neighbour, and receiving as good as he gives. Among these writers, Angiolieri, whom Mr. Rossetti characterizes as "the scamp of Dante's circle," is particularly amusing and reprehensible; his chief subjects being hatred of his father and mother, love of a shoemaker's married daughter, and contempt of Dante. Guido Cavalcanti however, Dante's foremost friend, to whom he addressed the *Vita Nuova*, a young nobleman, splendid and daring in love, faction, poetry, and speculation, is the chief man of the circle. From him we extract a sonnet—rather for its convenient brevity than for any superiority over many of the other specimens :—

"TO BERNARDO DA BOLOGNA.

SONNET.

"Guido answers, commending Pinella, and saying that the Love he can offer her is already shared by many noble Ladies.

"The fountain-head that is so bright to see
Gains as it runs in virtue and in sheen,
Friend Bernard; and for her who spoke with thee,
Even such the flow of her young life has been.
So that when Love discourses secretly
Of things the fairest he has ever seen,
He says there is no fairer thing than she,
A lowly maid as lovely as a queen.
And for that I am troubled, thinking of
That sigh wherein I burn upon the waves
Which drift her heart,—poor barque, so ill bested !—
Unto Pinella a great river of love
I send, that's full of sirens, and whose slaves
Are beautiful and richly habited."

Mr. Rossetti speaks feelingly of the tribulations which a translator of these early poets has to undergo from the fearfully corrupt texts, and the unedited or over-edited forms in which they come down disguised to the modern student. He has given all the particulars of their lives and writings which could be conveniently collected into his volume, and has doubtless done a great deal, in a modest way, beyond the mere work of translation, to make them intelligible and readable. We take leave of his book with the conviction not only that it is

a consummate effort of translation, but that it introduces English readers to the most precious poetry of the elder time which has been brought before them for many a day.

The History of Short-Hand Writing. By Matthias Levi, shorthand writer. Trübner.

THE invention of shorthand, like that of writing itself, has long been a vexed question. At a time when penmanship ranked among the fine arts, and stenography was regarded as a fitting theme for learned treatises and grave disquisitions, it is not surprising that its professors should have sought to enhance the importance of their pursuit by attributing to it a fictitious antiquity. The honour of the discovery has been ascribed by various writers to the Phœnicians, the Jews, the Egyptians, and other Oriental nations, but these conclusions appear to have been based upon the vaguest conjecture, and are altogether unsupported by any kind of historical testimony. Repeated attempts have also been made to trace its origin to the Greeks and the Romans, but here again the weight of evidence seems to be strongly opposed to either of these suppositions. The Greek *ταχυγράφοι*—the word itself is post-classical—were certainly not "shorthand-writers," in the modern acceptance of the term. All that we know of them is that they were public writers or scribes, analogous to the Roman *notarii*, engaged for the purpose of drawing out and copying State documents. The claim of the Romans to the invention of the art rests on equally insufficient grounds. A solitary line of Martial, and a short paragraph from Cicero, are the only authorities we have for any such a supposition. The former alludes to the practice of writing "as quickly as one could speak;" and in the latter we are told that the patricians, to prevent certain forms of process from being made public, expressed them in writing by secret marks, by substituting single letters for whole words. Plutarch, in his life of Cato the younger, states that Cicero invented "a speedy kind of writing by symbols;" and adds that on one occasion he dispersed certain "rapid writers" about the assembly to take notes of the proceedings. But these passages are very unsatisfactory. They establish nothing beyond the fact of the existence in ancient times of a method of expeditious and secret writing—in all probability a system of abbreviation, such as we know was practised by the Jews, Greeks, and more especially the Romans, before the invention of printing—but altogether unadapted to the requirements of a modern reporter.

Passing from Antiquity to the Middle Ages, we have no allusion to the practice of shorthand writing beyond what is to be found in a few scattered treatises on the Roman method. These, however, do not assist us in any way, except, as our author ingeniously remarks, by confirming the opinion above expressed respecting the common use of abbreviations, consisting in most instances of initial letters. The invention of printing gave a great impetus to this method, as may be seen by a reference to the earliest printed books. Wynkin de Worde contributed many improvements to this system, principally by the introduction into this country of the Roman letter, which he combined with the old Gothic character, and employed it for the same purpose as we now use italics, thereby, as his biographer informs us, "greatly extending the existing custom of using abbreviations." The first important step in this direction was that proposed, in the fifteenth

century, by a Mr. Ratcliff, of Plymouth, who invented the now universal method of omitting vowels, and retaining only the sounding consonants. Of this gentleman, who must be regarded as the father of our modern shorthand system, we know little or nothing, his treatise not having been published until 1688, nearly two centuries after his death. A still further improvement was effected in 1588, by the publication of Dr. Bright's *Characterie, an Art of Short, Swift, and Secret Writing by Character*, in which marks or arbitraries were first substituted for words. The worthy Doctor seems to have had no mean opinion of his own stenographic genius. He remarks in his preface, "none is comparable thereto;" and further informs his readers, "if thou wilt but one month take pains therein, thou may'st attain it—and by continuance of another month may'st thou attain to great readiness." The system in question was simply a table of words, with arbitrary characters annexed, which, naively adds the author, "thou art to get by heart." This treatise was subsequently republished by one Peter Bales, author of *The Art of Brachygraphy*, who is described as "skilled in many excellences of the pen." The said Peter is somewhat of an historical character, having been a dependent of the Earl of Essex, who carried on a portion of his traitorous correspondence by means of the "Brachygraphic" system. A specimen of his method—consisting of right lines placed in horizontal, perpendicular, and diagonal positions—is given in the *Biographia Britannica*. Bales is also mentioned in *Holinshed's Chronicle*, and John Bagford's *Collected Materials for a History of Printing*.

In 1602 a still further improvement was effected in the system of Bright and Bales—in both of which words were represented by arbitrary signs—by the invention of a "Spelling Characterie," or stenographic alphabet, first suggested in a treatise by "John Willis, Batchelour in Divinity." Attached to this work is another by the same author, entitled *The Schoolmaster to the Art of Stenography*, 1628, consisting of a series of dialogues between master and scholar, which reached fourteen editions. The systems of Bright and Willis possess a peculiar interest from the fact that it is to one of these two that we owe the preservation of some of Shakespeare's plays. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Julus Caesar*, and *Henry V.*, are mentioned as having been surreptitiously printed—probably from the shorthand writer's notes—before the publication of the authentic editions. The discrepancies between the *Hamlet* quarto of 1603 and 1604 have been generally laid at the door of the shorthand writer; and if this view be the true one, it proves conclusively the defective nature of the system then in vogue. It is a curious fact that from 1662, the year in which Willis published his treatise, no new system of shorthand appeared until two years after Shakespeare's death. The half-century following seems to have been singularly unpropitious to stenographic progress. Only two names are recorded, viz. Mr. Theophilus Metcalfe and Mr. Job Everard, both of whom appear to have been little more than plagiarists of their predecessors' systems—albeit the former treatise reached the unprecedented number of fifty-five editions. 1650, however, inaugurated a new era in the history of shorthand. In this year Jeremiah Rich published his celebrated work with the following voluminous title-page :—"The Pen's Dexterity: by those incomparable contractions by which a sentence is as soon wrote as a word; allowed by authority, and passed the two Universities with

great approbation and applause. Invented and taught by Jeremiah Rich, 1659." In addition to this *brochure*, which received the approbation of a no less distinguished name than Mr. John Locke, who pronounces it as "the best contrived I have ever seen," albeit "it might have been made much easier and shorter," Rich wrote *Semigraphy, or Art's Rarity; Death's Envious Triumph*, and other works. The next half-century is singularly prolific of shorthand systems, including those of Batley, Shelton, Witt, Mawd, Folkingham, Farthing, Dalgaso, Bridges, Faey, Coles, Hopkins, Steel, Stringer, West, Addy, Mason, and a host of other stenographic celebrities. Following in their wake we come upon the name of John Byrom, with whom may be said we commence the modern epoch of English Shorthand. Byrom's fame, however, does not rest entirely upon his proficiency in this art. He was an occasional contributor to the *Spectator*, and intimately associated with some of the most distinguished men of the time, including Bolingbroke, Gibbon, and Horace Walpole, who were his pupils in the art. Byrom left behind him a journal written in shorthand, containing many curious bits of information. Here is an account of an attempt to report a debate in the House of Commons in 1728:—"I was in the House of Commons t'other day, and wrote shorthand from Sir Robert Walpole and other famous speakers, for which I was told I was like to have been taken into custody; but I came away free." Reporters in those days were apparently not looked upon with a very favourable eye. On another occasion he was taking notes of one of Henley's sermons, and was requested by the orator to desist. Byrom promises the notes shall not be published, but refuses to desist, whereupon the preacher "spoke so fast that he fairly beat the shorthand writer." In another place he alludes to his pupil, the great author of the *Decline and Fall*, in not very complimentary terms:—"Gibbon is very slow."

It is impossible, within the necessarily restricted limits of the present notice, to follow our author through the long list of distinguished names—Gurney, Lewis, Taylor, Pitman, and others, to whose exertions and ingenuity the art of shorthand writing owes the full development and perfection to which it has attained at the present day. Such of our readers as may be desirous of a further acquaintance with the subject, we must refer to the volume itself. They will find Mr. Levi a pleasant gossiping writer, full of enthusiasm for his art, and one who has certainly spared neither labour nor research to render his work what it professes to be, and unquestionably is, the most complete and exhaustive history of shorthand ever published.

Nugæ Criticæ. Occasional Papers written at the Seaside. By Shirley. Edmonston and Douglas.

SOME one has called magazines the omnibuses of literature, excellent vehicles for authors who have not far to go, and cannot afford a book of their own. But the regular contributors to their pages are seldom contented nowadays with so lowly a means of seeing the world, and periodically setting up their own volume, they revel in toned paper, and in the luxury of a meadow of margin forget the discomfort of double columns. The volume now before us consists of ten essays reprinted from *Fraser and Blackwood*, chatting upon all manner of subjects, and connected by the feeble link of a

common birthplace. Why we should be informed on the title-page that these papers were written at the seaside, the author does not say, nor does he give any reason for assuming the name of the author of the *Gamesters*, to the confusion of future bibliographers. But perhaps we ought to be thankful for having escaped a preface.

Shirley is not so agreeable a writer as his brother essayist, A. K. H. B. Both are Scotch and eminently national; both are fervent admirers of nature and of art, and on many points there is considerable similarity between them. But the initials display a kindly earnestness which they probably owe to their clerical training, while the pseudonym betrays a striving after effect, and an air of conceit that savours of the Court of Session.

By far the best of the essays is the first in the book, styled "At the Seaside." The author has that love for the sea which those only feel who have known it in their youth, and grown up by its shore. He revels in descriptions of quiet waters land-locked by weedy rocks, long wastes of rippled sands, and iron-bound, storm-beaten coasts. He is thoroughly at home in, on, or beside the waves, and equally familiar with the men, birds, and fish that share his tastes. Here is an account of a quiet autumn day:—

"Hour after hour the waves broke upon the sandy beach, with the same monotonous roll, though a perceptible change might be detected by the practised ear as the tide retreated from the land and again returned. The boat of a solitary fisherman, and a lustreously white bird—a gannet or one of the larger gulls—lay the whole morning together near the centre of the bay. About noon, a large ship, with every inch of canvas spread, dropt lazily along to the south. As the day waned, and the tide ebbed, the gull and the fisher left their positions; small flocks of ducks beat in quickly towards the shore in single file; and once a pair of red-throated divers, in their petulant, coquettish way, chased each other around the margin of the bay. High up upon the downs the lights began to twinkle—a red, lurid glow showed where the village blacksmith plied his craft—voices muffled by the twilight came down upon the shore—and a wary heron flapped its unwieldy wings as it passed along to the pool, where, until the grey of the morning, it will watch the retreating tide. And now, while the roar of the restless ocean rises up to them for ever, silently one by one, the stars come out above the hills."

Excellent, also, is the description of a night spent in wild-fowl shooting:—

"The round winter moon keeps along the eastern sky the even tenor of her way, and in her light the white night-gear of the earth looks dim and spectral—especially when contrasted with the troubled darkness of the water. The dash of the waves against the sand is stayed into a low murmur by the gripe of the frost; the measured beat of the wild-ducks' wings is heard with wonderful distinctness as they fly to and fro in the flood of moonlight overhead; from the bay there arises a confused Babel of cries, among which the sportsman hears at times—hears with a beating heart—as he retreats from or approaches the shore—the shrill trumpet-like call of the wild swan. Such winter nights are never forgotten, though, as years pass in this world, one contrives somehow to forget much."

The author is an enthusiast about sea-fowl, and loves to trace them in their wanderings among the stormy Hebrides, in still Norwegian fiords, and along the ledges of the cliffs whose bases are cavered by the long Atlantic wave. There is a spirited account of a day's shooting in a sailing-boat, which we would gladly extract if space permitted, and equally good is the description of the sea-birds' breeding place. The characteristics of the different kinds of gulls and divers are capitally hit off; for instance:—"I have seen the cormorants who

frequent this rock, sit together for hours without uttering a syllable to each other—in a kind of dyspeptic dejection. Apart from their sentiments upon serious subjects, this is probably the result of a system of over-feeding, for even with the most perfect digestion such excessive eating must tell upon the spirits." Shirley has evidently studied sea-birds well, but surely the following passage contains an ornithological solecism:—"Further off the Skua gulls, 'white as ocean foam in the moon,' 'white as the consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap,' float along the face of the cliffs, or hover above their nests on noiseless wings." All the Skuas we have ever seen, whether Common, Pomerine, Richardson's, or Arctic, were remarkable for their blackness; but we scarcely venture to contradict so skilled a judge, and prefer to thank him for the pleasant ramble on which he has led us "at the seaside."

The essay styled "The Sphinx" contains "a discourse on the impotence of history," as the author calls it, being an attempt to show how often the world's verdict concerning a man has been unjust, and how little in many a case the righteousness of a cause has contributed to its success. The idea is not particularly novel, but it is worked out in a manly and thoughtful spirit, and the author displays so kindly and tolerant a feeling towards all who have suffered and failed, and so complete a freedom from party prejudices, that we cannot but have a personal liking for him. He protests vigorously against the doctrines preached by the winning side:—

"I remember [he says] seeing once at Venice—in the arsenal, I think—a morsel of bread preserved under a glass frame, with a label attached to it, which bore, that on the 15th July, 1849—when the protracted siege was approaching its close—this scrap sold for, I forget the exact sum, but a frightful famine price. A sermon by an Austrian moralist, and meant to inculcate a moral lesson! 'You see what the love of liberty, what the hatred of despotism, costs.' So reasoned the Austrian moralist in his grim practical fashion. The dear loaf was the sole tangible memorial that he could find of that great fight on the Lagoons. This was the coin that the patriots had earned here in Venice; this was what virtue, self-sacrifice, heroic zeal for freedom, could buy on the 15th of July, 1849. That joyful spirit of devotion, that magnanimity of soul, that devout enthusiasm which breathed a spark of the old Venetian manliness into the slaves of the barbarian, whatever they may be worth in the next world, 'where moth and rust do not corrupt,' clearly do not profit in this. A morsel of bread for a dollar!"

And then he proceeds to show how much good there has been in many whose conduct has brought blighting censure on them. He compares what was said of Shelley during his lifetime, with the view that ought to have been taken, points out the noble side of his character, and pleads his cause in touching language:—

"A man of true nobility, of a happy and eager benevolence, and of a most fearless purity. He is not a sensualist; on the contrary, his habits are ascetic, and he abstains from the simplest pleasures. Though he loves truth and liberty, and hates evil and despotism vehemently, he is gentle as a woman in manner and at heart. Still a screw is loose somewhere. 'A mad angel,' some one said of him, and in certain respects Shelley was never quite sane. The symptoms of the disease may be traced through the fits of hopeless dread and despair which ever and again dashed his bright child-like cheerfulness, his bird-like enjoyment of the dawn, and the dewy fields, and the silver lining of the clouds; in the keen and extravagant pain which trifles caused him. The fine and sensitive mechanism wanted balance. The moral faculty of control, which is the ballast of the imagination, the sheet-

anchor which holds the mind to its moorings, had been in his constitution overlooked or purposely omitted."

And so in the life of Claverhouse is shown how good and evil are inextricably mixed together in the same character, and how unfair and uncharitable are those sweeping condemnations which history sometimes hands down unchallenged. The essay ends with an analysis of the story of Lancelot and Guenevere, as told by Mr. Morris, and we hope that those who for the first time read the beautiful stanzas "Shirley" has quoted, may be induced to make further acquaintance with a genuine poet, whose merits are by no means appreciated as they deserve. The essays on "People who are not respectable," and on Nonconformity, are written in the same liberal spirit, and exhibit a most praiseworthy readiness to admit the merit of an adversary, and make allowance for the weaknesses of human nature. For persecution of all sorts the author evinces a hearty abhorrence, and dwells with delight in a separate article, on the character of William the Silent, as "the earliest teacher of toleration." On this theme "Shirley" appears to great advantage. We cannot be too often warned of "the falsehood of extremes," and after perusing criticisms fraught with withering contempt for the world in general, and conveying an unmitigated denunciation of the greater part of mankind, it is refreshing to meet with a writer who increases our stock of belief in human goodness. We have mentioned the best of "Shirley's" essays. Of the rest, "The Whig Historian" contains "a last word on Lord Macaulay," written in a much pleasanter spirit than "The Statesmen of the Tories," which rings loudly of the *Blackwood* metal. "Terra Santa" contains a series of graceful sketches of Italy, and in "Our Romance" and "A Critic on Criticism," we are favoured with our author's opinions upon the poets and novelists of the day. The remarks on Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot are readable enough, but many of "Shirley's" literary criticisms are merely dignified platitudes. The worst specimens occur in an article called "Politics in the Parish," in which, after several pages of what is intended to be highly facetious and satirical writing, the author suddenly makes a ferocious onslaught upon *Festus*. Surely that tremendous epic might be allowed to slumber in peace; the critic can scarcely have made its acquaintance recently, so we should suppose the present essay had been dug up from some deep-lying magazine-bed, were it not that a little further on we encounter an attack upon Mr. Coventry Patmore, whom "Shirley" abuses roundly for not being indecent. The tender grace and eloquent reserve of "The Angel in the House" are not at all to his taste. "Love was a stronger passion with us," he says, "when we were boys;" and he proceeds to quote a few luscious lines from Dryden, which he might just as well have omitted. "We are not a bit purer," he says, "morally or intellectually, than our fathers were; but we have grown so shamefaced, that we dare not read Spenser's *Epithalamion*. We are afraid to be true. The sword must be in its scabbard. We are dazed by the flash of the cold steel," &c. We should be inclined to ask if anything could be greater nonsense than this effusion, were it not that the author settles the question by appending the following highly facetious note:—

"Mr. Palgrave declines to include the *Epithalamion* among his admirable selections 'as not in harmony with modern manners.' Not in harmony with modern speech perhaps; but surely the *lumen juvenile purpureum* is not finally quenched yet? Mr.

Palgrave's remark is, if well founded, rather alarming; and we begin to entertain serious doubts about the prospects of our race. If the rites celebrated in Spenser's great poem are 'not in harmony with modern manners,' Mr. Darwin must find out a new mode to continue, as well as to originate, the species."

Fancy a man deliberately printing such "dead wut," and imagining that he has been humorous and sarcastic! Fortunately, "Shirley" does not often attempt to be funny, and therefore we may allow him his little joke, in consideration of the many merits his book can boast, and especially of the earnest and kindly spirit it generally displays.

SHORT NOTICES.

British Poisonous Plants. Illustrated by J. E. Sowerby; described by C. and C. P. Johnson. (Van Voorst.) From time to time the newspapers shock our feelings by relating how a whole family has been poisoned by supposed mushrooms, by aconite mistaken for horse-radish, or by a too free use of laurel leaves in custard. Such calamities as these it is the object of the little work before us to avert, and we presume that the value of such a mentor has been already appreciated, the book having attained a second edition. The illustrations consist of thirty-two plates, containing figures of the principal species of poisonous plants described, and by which the originals may easily be recognized in the field or the garden by those who are not professed botanists. The describers have endeavoured as much as possible to avoid the technicalities and difficult nomenclature of botany, and to make themselves intelligible to the ordinary reader. The plants are described in groups according to natural families, the properties of those connected by this kind of alliance being often similar. That people should contrive to poison themselves with some of the pretty, innocent-looking denizens of the garden might be thought difficult and unlikely, but it seems they do. Who would think of eating a daffodil? But the flowers of this plant are reported to have produced dangerous effects upon infants who have swallowed portions of them. The berries of the deadly nightshade are tempting, no doubt, to the infanteye and have often proved fatal. But one would have thought that any child could be trusted alone with buttercups; not so: one perverse young lady of the age of fifteen, instead of weaving a garland of their blossoms for her hair, must needs eat several stems and flowers, chew many more, and suck their juice, in consequence of which she suffered greatly during eight days, exhibiting symptoms of acrid poisoning, and even delirium. Decoctions of poisonous herbs are frequently administered by ignorant quacks as remedies, and divers unfortunate patients have fallen victims to this hedge-practice. Mushrooms are an edible but insidious race; they tempt, and too often betray. Nero called his favourite fungus, the *Boletus*, "food for the gods,"—but some varieties of this have been fatal to epicures. An old epigrammatist (we quote from memory) says, punningly—

"Defungi fungis Sabidi to posse negabas,
Boleti lecti causa fuerit tui."

Old Gerard, the herbalist, thus cautions his readers against the agarics: "Galen affirmeth that they are very cold and moyste, and therefore do approach unto a venomous and motherie facultie, and engender a clammy and pituitous nutriment if eaten; therefore, I give my advice unto those that love such strange and new-fangled meates, to beware of licking honey among thorns, lest the sweetness of the one do not countervail the sharpnesse and pricking of the other." What is one man's meat is another man's poison, and this saying is particularly exemplified in mushrooms, many kinds of which are eaten freely by the peasantry in Russia, Germany, and Italy, which in England are held to be undoubtedly deleterious. Accidents from poisonous fungi are, however, much more frequent on the Continent than they are here. The judicious reader will find some excellent advice and cautions in the

work before us; but considering the thick-headedness of mortals, we are afraid that, in spite of it, the papers will still continue to be infested with those alarming paragraphs, which for a time make the timid see aconite in every strip of horse-radish, and a toadstool in every champignon.

Vis Inertiae Victa, or Fallacies affecting Science. By James Reddie. This book has certainly many fallacies in it, but whether they be fallacies affecting science in any material degree may be doubted. It is an "Essay," as the title-page informs us, "and a Review;" need we say after this that it is replete with scientific heresy? It seems that twenty years ago the author forwarded a short paper, containing the substance of a few paragraphs of one of the sections of the work, to the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and that about the same time he "entered into correspondence with various eminent individuals on the subjects therein discussed," and that, having done so, he now thinks it right to publish this treatise. We can guess the nature of the remarks of the eminent individuals. "At a future time," says Mr. Reddie, "it may be proper to publish that correspondence; but in the meantime, I must be allowed to judge how it is best to act, while placed in a very peculiar position." The eminent individuals, we may infer, possessed a *vis inertiae* which at present is *invicta*. The sober truth is, that Mr. Reddie's book deserves to be noticed, not scientifically, but psychologically. It is a curious fact that there is a certain class of minds possessing ingenuity enough to take interest in scientific questions, and to involve themselves in the meshes of all kinds of fallacies, and yet apparently incapable of comprehending the most elementary mathematico-physical propositions. The perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle, and the question whether the moon does or does not revolve on her axis, supply these minds with a never-ending pabulum; and from time to time exploded controversies connected with problems of this description are reproduced, as if they had never been exploded, or having been exploded, had been mended and made as good as new. A glance at Mr. Reddie's book made us confident that we should find in him one who sympathized with the late Mr. Jelinger Symons. Nor were we deceived: in Article 77 we find the following:—"This illustration of revolving motion suggests a reference to a question modestly enough raised a few years ago by a gentleman since dead; but which brought upon him a perfect torrent of ridicule from some over-zealous advocates of those opinions which they had been taught. This gentleman thought it inaccurate to describe the moon as revolving on her axis, seeing that, as she moves round the earth, she always presents the same surface to it. To which it was answered, that it is precisely because the moon does so turn always the same side to the earth in revolving, that we must believe, and say, she also revolves on her axis in going round the earth." We were quite prepared for this, but certainly were not prepared for all the extravagance and absurdities which meet us on almost every page of Mr. Reddie's book: the distinction between velocity and force, the measure of force by velocity generated,—in fact, all that might be learned by the study of the first few chapters of an elementary treatise on dynamics,—is utterly ignored; and as though it were nothing to question the demonstrations of the *Principia*, Mr. Reddie doubts the plainest results of astronomical observation. He never could "satisfy his mind" that the distances between the fixed stars should be apparently the same, when observations are made from the opposite ends of a base-line a hundred and ninety millions of miles long (p. 65); and he endeavours to satisfy his mind by recurring to ancient geocentric notions, and making the sun and the stars mere appendages of the earth. Here is the concluding passage of the book:—

"There is a meagreness in the solar system upon that hypothesis, compared with that which regards the earth as a centre, placed there as the habitation of man, God's chief creation, and surrounded by sun, moon, planets, comets, and stars, all to serve for the adornment and use of earth alone, as man's temporary abode, and for the glory of the great Creator; while all beyond may be imagined, the heaven of heavens, illumined with the everlasting light and presence of the eternal God, surrounded with angels and beings of a higher order than man is now, and with the glorified spirits of men raised to a state of superior existence; where there is and can be no more death, or any of those moral and

physical evils which are alike the curse and paradox of man's present state of existence, and which mar the fair face of creation."

We have no objection to Mr. Roddie's speculations as to what may be beyond the limits of visible creation; but that he should base such speculations upon the denial of what is demonstrably true, and that he should sacrifice all the achievements of science to his own petty notions of what is meagre and what is grand, this we deem most objectionable and most strange.

London Society. This new shilling monthly boldly avows what its predecessors, the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, and *St. James's*, affect to conceal, that its aim is simply to amuse hours of relaxation, and to be no more than a magazine of light and entertaining literature. Its contents are thoroughly adapted to the fulfilment of this object. The tender passion forms the staple of its articles; and of the five illustrations, three represent what Mr. Thackeray has called the old story of a man and a woman. It is commonly understood that in the shilling magazines which we have just mentioned, the stories are the real attraction, and all the miscellaneous and useful essays are merely inserted to fill up the number; in *London Society* the illustrations are apparently intended to be the charm, and the entire letter-press little more than "padding" for them. It is surprising how the proprietors can afford to give so many and such excellent plates for a shilling, apart from the letter-press. The latter is rather deficient in vigour and tone. But in spite of this and the rather monotonous nature of the subjects, the illustrations alone suffice to make *London Society* well worth the purchase-money. Of the literary portion we may select the paper entitled "London Flowers," and "The Story of an Old English Mansion" as being of exceptional merit. We see no reason why the new competitor should not make way; the prevalent taste is unquestionably in favour of what is amusing, and so far therefore *London Society* is swimming with the tide.

The Intellectual Observer: Review of Natural History, Microscopic Research, and Recreative Science. No. 1. February, 1862. Under the promising title of the *Intellectual Observer*, a new monthly periodical has just appeared. Its aim is "to promote intellectual observation, by furnishing data, suggesting procedures, and recording results." The speculative as well the practical will be embraced in its range, but preference is to be given to subjects of practical interest; and, while additions to scientific knowledge are recorded, the directions in which knowledge is required are to be pointed out. The subjects to which it is proposed to give a leading place in the work are—archæology, astronomy, botany, chemistry, geology, meteorology, microscopy, and natural history, including zoology. The periodical will be adapted to the use of cultivators of recreative science—that class of observers who, without pretension to profound technical knowledge, yet amuse their leisure hours with scientific research, and often add the useful to their stores of knowledge. The utility of the work is to be increased by coloured and tinted plates, and other illustrations. Such are the promises made. How far they have been performed in the first number, an outline of its contents may enable one to judge. The price of the number is one shilling, and it contains eighty-four pages, a very fair quantity for the money, if the quality be good. There are eleven original articles; reports of the more interesting communications laid before the Entomological, Royal, Geographical, Zoological, and Linnean Societies; and between two and three pages of Notes and Memoranda having a scientific bearing. The first article is by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, on "The Work of the Year." In it are noticed the principal scientific phenomena of 1861, such as the comet of June and July; Dr. Thomson's researches on the sun's heat; the spectrum analysis of Bunsen and Kirchhoff; Professor Graham's method of analysis by diffusion; and the geographical investigations of Livingstone in Africa, Blakiston in Central Asia, Stuart and Burke in Australia, &c. Looking to the future as well as to the past of science, Mr. Hibberd believes that "the prospect brightens, and fills us with heart and hope." Mr. J. W. McGauley, in a paper on "Prime Movers," discusses the various

sources of motive power, viz. the strength of animals, the force of the wind, heat, steam, gas, and electro-magnetism. He concludes by pointing out that all motive power is reducible, or at least proportional to, heat; and that, if this be the case, "the only useful object for which our experiments can be made would be to discover the most economical means of obtaining, and the most effectual means of applying, heat." Under the title of "Flukes," Dr. Spencer Cobbold furnishes a paper on the Trematode Entozoa, pointing out in what classes of animals they are found, their general characters, mode of preparing them for microscopic examination, and a special description, with coloured illustration, of the *Amphistoma conicum*, or cone-shaped amphistome—an entozoon common in the first stomach of oxen, sheep, and deer. Mr. Thomas Wright next gives a very interesting antiquarian essay on the "Roman Cemetery of Uriconium, at Wroxeter, Salop." The paper contains an account of the funeral rites and ceremonies of the ancient Romans. In the next paper, "The Skipper, Skopster, or Saury" (the *Esoc saurus* of Linnæus, and *Scomberesox saurus* of Cuvier)—a fish well known in the west of England—is described by Mr. Jonathan Couch. The peculiarity of this fish is that from which its name is derived—its habit of bounding over the water, somewhat like the flying-fish. The succeeding paper is also on an individual object of zoology, "A hotifer new to Britain (*Cephalosiphon Linnæus*)."
Mr. P. H. Gosse is the describer; and Mr. H. J. Slack supplements the description from his own observations. Mr. Noel Humphreys sends us again back to antiquarian research, in a paper on "Ancient and Modern Finger Rings." The interest of the essay is increased by a description, with woodcuts, of the betrothal and marriage rings of Martin Luther. The Rev. T. W. Webb records his belief that on the night of June 30, July 1, 1861 (when several persons in various places remarked that there was something unusual in the appearance of the evening), the earth was actually enveloped in the comet's tail. Under the head of "Jottings on Copper," an anonymous writer avails himself of the opportunity afforded by the publication of Dr. Percy's *Metalurgy* for considering some interesting properties of copper. "The Transit of Mercury on November 12, 1861," is described by a lady, the Hon. Mrs. Ward. The description is very creditable, and is illustrated by eight figures. Such are the contents of the first number of the *Intellectual Observer*; and we will merely say, in conclusion, that its originators deserve encouragement in their enterprise.

Guide to Star-Gazing: A Familiar Explanation of the First Principles of Astronomy by reference to the Natural Sphere. (Stanford.) There is not much fault to be found with this little handbook of astronomy. The information conveyed is correct, if not new; but we think the author or authoress has made an undoubted mistake in throwing it into the form of question and answer. Clear, terse, categorical statements, without going through the formula of a previous question, would have been preferable. We cannot speak with too much praise of the illuminated representations of the twelve Zodiacal constellations which are placed at the end of the volume. They teach a boy or girl more of the various aspects of the heavens than a thousand questions and answers. The writer would have done well to give the imaginary lines making up the fanciful figures of Aries, Scorpio, &c., from which the various constellations received their names. The pupil is much more likely to remember the constellation to which a given star belongs, if he was in his eye the outline of the whole.

The English Gentlewoman; a Practical Manual for Young Ladies on their entrance into Society. By the Author of *The English Matron*. Third Edition. (Hogg and Sons.) Why not the English Lady? It is the older and surely the better word, carrying one back by its derivation to the association of high station with active benevolence; nay, almost to the days when—

"The Queen with her own dainty hands, herself she baked the bread."

"Gentlewoman," after all, most obviously calls up to the mind the image of a respectable waiting-

maid—a smoothen of caps and a scenter of handkerchiefs. Beyond its titlepage, there is not much to complain of in this little volume, which, having reached a third and enlarged edition, may be considered a very successful production. We confess, however, that we doubt the practical usefulness of such manuals. Did any one ever become a gentleman by the aid of those handbooks of etiquette which counsel you neither to put your knife in your mouth, nor pick your teeth with your fork? Has any good correspondent ever been formed by the perusal of those polite letter-writers in which we have seen such elaborate cases as this—the sort of letter which a currier, being in love with the widow of a confectioner, should write to her brother supposing him to be a grocer? In the same way we doubt whether any one was ever much influenced as to their ordinary life and character by culling platitudes from manuals such as this. We have seen young whist-players bewilder themselves by desperate attempts to cram Hoyle between the deals. Even so the game of life goes on too rapidly for people in a trying emergency to sit still and pore over a neatly-bound volume. *The English Gentlewoman*, for example, prescribes a number of remedies for the damsel who is suffering from a misplaced attachment. She had better not play too much music, nor read works of fiction, nor talk over her sorrows with other romantic young females. All very good advice, no doubt; but the question is whether a young lady under the circumstances would—in the language of Captain Cuttle—overhaul her *English Gentlewoman* to see what she ought to do. When Ariadne is rushing with dishevelled locks up and down the beach at Naxos, it would be of little use to tell her that she is very likely to catch cold, and that she had much better go home, brush her hair, and dress for dinner. The earlier part of the work, which dwells on the style of education and course of reading advisable for young ladies, contains much that is sound and sensible. We are inclined to doubt, however, whether it does not set up too high a standard, and expect a taste for harder and deeper study than we can look for in most girls. The Caroline divines are undoubtedly well worth studying; but we can scarcely imagine a "little head sunning over with curls" bent over a tome of Sanderson or Barrow. Even in the *Heir of Redcliffe* we always had doubts whether the heroine who listened so patiently to Butler's *Analogy*, might not be rather actuated by a tender interest in dear Guy than by any thirst for information about the opinion of necessity as influencing practice. A woman's taste and perhaps her capacity for "stiff" reading—unstimulated like that of a man by looking forward to severe examinations, high distinctions, or early entrance on a profession—will, as a general rule, only develop itself when she is nearing thirty. We should also question here and there the wisdom of our authoress's selection of writers. Is there any sufficient reason for putting Gibbon into a young girl's hand? We think not. We would not depreciate his stupendous ability—which it has lately been rather a fashion to underrate, and which we are glad to see defended by such men as Professors Stanley and Kingsley—and we acknowledge that every educated man should read him. But every educated man should also read Aristophanes, and Juvenal, and Chaucer; though he need not quote them indiscriminately to his sisters. Even so we don't see any reason for "sweet seventeen" being compelled to get up the favourite amusements of Commodus, or the conjugal troubles of Belshazzar. The hints on society are rather commonplace, but we own that we were somewhat amused with a sort of chamber of horrors' chapter, in which the authoress groups some fearful warnings, in the shape of fast young ladies, and self-asserting young ladies, and those who are too High Church, and those who are too Low. She labels her characters Lucetta, Angela, Marcia, &c., quite in the style of the *Spectator* or *Rambler*. Altogether, however, we part from her book with the feeling that it is superior to most of its kind, that it contains much that is very good, and nothing that can do any harm.

The Handbook of the Court; the Peerage; and the House of Commons. We need scarcely do more than notify the appearance of the new volume of this most useful and compendious guide to the

Court and Parliament. The fact that it has now reached the twelfth year of its issue sufficiently attests its excellence.

The *London Post Office Directory* for 1862 calls for no special description. Its information is much the same in kind and amount as it has ever been. Its author's style is unvarying; Time writes no wrinkle on its brow. As a repository of facts, each more or less interesting to somebody, it is without a rival. "No gentleman's library is complete that has not got it."

We have received the following:—

Will o' the Wisp (Bell and Daldy).—Limits of Religious Belief (Rivingtons).—Scripture Lessons for the Unlearned (Moxley).—Elementary Treatise on Physics, Part 4 (Baillière).—M'Leod's Middle-Class Atlas.—British Workman, seventh yearly part.—Chorist's Life (Taylor, Brighton).—The Hurst Johnian (Treacher, Brighton).—The Family Save-All (Houlston and Wright).—Illustrated Songs of Robert Burns.—Life Scenes and Social Sketches (Collingridge).—Tweedie's Temperance Almanac for 1862.—Carine Steinburgh (Tweedie).

PAMPHLETS.—Are the Southern Privateersmen Pirates?—First Words on Temperance.—The Education Question.—The Truth respecting Italy and Piedmont.

MAGAZINES.—Every Boy's.—Kingston's.—Duffy's Hibernian.—Illustrated Dublin Journal.—The Paris Elegant.—Good Words.—Pharmaceutical Journal.—St. James's.—Temple Bar.—The Sixpenny.—Le Follet.—North British Review.—The Planet.—The Ladies' Treasury.—The Cosmopolitan Review.—Boy's Own.—The Englishwoman's Domestic.

SERIALS.—Routledge's Illustrated Natural History, Part 36.—Orley Farm (Barrington).—Beeton's Book of Garden Management, Part 5.—Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information, Part 2.—Boy's Own Library, Vol. 2, No. 10.—Beeton's Books of Home Pets, Parts 10 and 11.—Modern Metre, Part 3.

New Music.—Newton's Anglo-Italian Elements of Singing (Novello).

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Aldine Poets: Thomson's Poems, new edition, 2 vols., 12mo, 10s. Bell.
Allen (O.), Hymns of Christian Life, 12mo, 3s.
"Baby," dedicated to the Mothers of England, 16mo, 1s. Day.
Basham (W. R.), On Dropsy connected with Diseases of the Kidney, second edition, 8vo, 3s. Churchill.
Bedell (Bishop), Memoir of Life and Episcopate, by Rev. A. Clogy, post 8vo, 5s. Wertheim.
Best (Mrs.), Home Poverty made Rich, 12mo, 2s. Wertheim.
Bohn's Illustrated Library: Pictorial Handbook of Modern Geography, new edition, post 8vo, 6s., coloured 7s. 6d.
Books for the Country: Delamer (F. G.), Kitchen-Garden and Flower-Garden, new edition, 12mo, 1s. each Routledge.
Brown (H.), Victoria as I Found It, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Newby.
Dunbury (S.), Tales; The Recovered Estate, &c., 12mo, 1s. 6d. Rivington.
Carine Steinburgh, an Autobiography, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Tweedie.
Child's Indestructible Book of Animals, by H. Weir, 4to, 3s. 6d. Darton.
Cooper (J. F.), Pilot, a Tale of the Sea, new edition, 12mo, 1s. Routledge.
Cooke (G. W.), China and Lower Bengal, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Routledge.
Crauhorne (Viscount), Historical Sketches and Reviews, first series, 8vo, 12s. Mitchell.
Cumming (Rev. J.), Reading on Prophet Isaiah, 12mo, 7s. 6d. Bentley.
De Lolme (Professor), French Reader, new edition, 12mo, 2s. and 2s. 6d. Cassell.
Dumas (A.), Count of Monte Christo, illustrated, post 8vo, 5s. Routledge.
East Lyone, new edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Bentley.
Edwards (Rev. Z.), Ferns of the Axe and its Tributaries, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Hamilton.
Everybody's Pudding-Book, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Bentley.
Fonblanque (A.), Rights and Wrongs, a Manual of Household Law, new edition, 12mo, 2s. Routledge.
Gase (F. E.), Key to Exercises of First and Second French Books, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Bell.
Godwin (J. H.), Christian Faith, its Nature, Objects, &c., second edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Jackson and Walford.
Greenwood (F. W.), Sermons of Consolation, fourth edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Whitfield.
Hawkins (W. B.), Limits of Religious Belief, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Rivington.

Heavenward Thoughts for Christian Households, second edition, 18mo, 2s. 6d. Wertheim.
Hill (M.), Typical Testimony to the Messiah, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Hamilton.
Horses and Hounds, by Scrutator, new edition, 12mo, 2s. Routledge.
Hurdall (W. F.), Greek Paradigms, 8vo, 2s. Longman.
Illustrations of Faith, Eight Plain Sermons, by Writers of 'Tracts for Christian Seasons,' 12mo, 2s. 6d. J. H. Parker.
Kent (W. C.), Aletheia, with other Poems, 12mo, 5s. Longman.
Kent (W. C.), Dreamland, and other Poems, 12mo, 5s. Longman.
King (Rev. D.), Ruling Eldership of Christian Church, new edition, 12mo, 2s. Nisbet.
Life among the Colliers, post 8vo, 5s. Saunders and Otley.
Lytton (E. B.), Works, Library Edition: Pelham, vol. II, 5s. Martyn (Rev. H.), Five Sermons (never before published), 12mo, 3s. 6d. Seeley.
Macduff (J. R.), Sunsets of Hebrew Mountains, new edition, post 8vo, 6s. 6d. Nisbet.
Morton (Rev. A.), Family Circle, new edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Oxford Pocket Classics: Casar, Bello Gallico, with Notes, 18mo, 1s. 6d. J. H. Parker.
Parlour Library: Captain Fancourt, by Dr. Millengen, 12mo, 2s.
Phillippo (Rev. E.), Records of the Ministry of, by author of "My Life," post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Longmans.
Plate, Selections from Works of, translated by Lady Chatterton, 12mo, 4s. Bentley.
Punch, re-issue, vol. XII., 4to, 5s.
Ruffin (S. M.), Chronological Tales of Contemporary Sovereigns, second edition, 4to, 3s. 6d. Lockwood.
Shilling Volume Library: Leonard Harlow, the Game of Life, by "Waters," 1s. Ward and Lock.
Simpson (Rev. J.), Memorials, by his Son, 4to, 42s. Day.
Smith (G.), Irish History and Irish Character, second edition, 12mo, 5s. J. H. Parker.
Smith (Rev. R. P.), Authenticity and Messianic Interpretation of Prophecies of Isaiah, 8vo, 10s. 6d. J. H. Parker.
Sortain (Rev. J.), Memorials, by his Widow, second edition, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Nisbet.
Student's France, History of France to 1852, post 8vo. Murray.
Stuart (M.), Commentary on Ecclesiastes, by Robbins, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Tribner.
Sullivan (R.), Dictionary of the English Language, twelfth edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Longman.
Tales Illustrating Church History, America and our Colonies, 12mo, 5s. J. H. Parker.
Tennyson's Idylls of the King, new edition, 12mo, 7s. Moxon.
Thompson (Rev. Jas.), Memorials of My Ministry, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Hamilton.
Thimms (J.), School-Days of Eminent Men, second edition, 12mo, 5s. Lockwood.
Tracts for Women, 18mo, 1s. Seeley.
Williams (M.), Sanskrit Manual, post 8vo, 5s. 6d. Allen.
Windham Trial, unabridged, 8vo, 1s. Oliver.
Windham (W. G.), Notes on North Africa, new edition, 12mo, 5s. Ward and Lock.
Willis (R.), Pettit (J. L.), Sharpe (E.), Architectural History of Chichester Cathedral, Boxgrove Priory, and Shoreham Collegiate Church, 4to, 30s. Bell.
Wood (Rev. J. G.), Illustrated Natural History, new edition, 12mo, 6s. Routledge.
Words for Women, by author of "Woman's Service on Lord's Day," 18mo, 1s. 6d. Seeley.
Wright (Rev. H.), Memoir, by his Son, 12mo, 3s. Hamilton.
Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, 1862, by J. Timbs, 12mo, 5s. Lockwood.

POETRY.

DIRGE.

(From the German.)

Sleep, noble youth! in thy still bed of clay,
Until the mighty resurrection morning.
From thee fall early Death, with little warning,
The pilgrim-staff of life has snatched away.

Dispersed are now the visions of delight
Which once within thy youthful fancy flourished;
The sorrows and the joys thy heart has nourished
Are sunk together in the grave's long night.

Sleep tranquil till the dawn of that great day,
When angel hosts with loud harmonious numbers
Shall wake the dead men from their peaceful slumbers!
To life celestial Death must lead the way.

K. C. W.

THE "ACTA SANCTORUM."

A PROSPECTUS has reached us of a new edition of the "Acta Sanctorum" of the Bollandists, to be issued by M. J. Carnandet, an enterprising publisher at Chaumont, in France. This great work, begun at Antwerp in 1643, and continued with but little interruption down to the year 1794, is comprised in fifty-three folio volumes, and is now so scarce that whenever a copy of it occurs for sale it

fetches, at the lowest valuation, something like £150 sterling. M. Carnandet proposes to re-publish it at the rate of twenty-five francs per volume to the first five hundred subscribers, and thirty-five francs to all others, the issue to consist of six volumes yearly until the whole is completed, which, at this rate, would be in January, 1870. Heartily wishing him success in his undertaking, let us mention briefly in what way this great work originated, also the plan upon which it is arranged, and the names of its successive editors. It was first projected by Father Herbert Rosweida, a Jesuit, early in the seventeenth century, and was intended by him to consist of sixteen folio volumes, and two volumes of illustrations. Rosweida, however, was old, and although he laboured hard in collecting materials for the work, died in 1629 without committing any of it to the press. The task then devolved upon Jean Bolland, a learned Jesuit in the prime of life, and eager to distinguish himself by the execution of such a work. For this purpose he removed from Mechlin to Antwerp, and after examining Rosweida's collection, he established a general correspondence all over Europe, instructing his friends to search every library, register, and repository of any kind where it was possible to find the necessary information. He also associated with himself in the work a brother of the same Order, Godfrey Henschen, of Guelderland, who proved equally able and enthusiastic in its execution. By their united efforts the first two volumes were published at Antwerp, in 1643, embracing the lives of the Saints for January, the order of the calendar having been chosen as the most convenient form of publication. In 1658 they published the Saints for February, in three volumes, and two years later Father Daniel Papebroch was taken into partnership in the work. Henschen and Bolland were now sent into France and Italy to collect materials for the further prosecution of the undertaking, but Bolland dying in September, 1665, they returned to Antwerp, and there, in 1668, published the Saints for March, in three volumes. Those for April appeared in three volumes, in 1675; and the May Saints in seven volumes, in 1683-89. Henschen dying in 1681, his place had been supplied by Francis Baert and Conrad Jauning. Then appeared the Saints for June, in six volumes, published between 1695 and 1716. Papebroch died in 1714, and his place was filled up by J. B. Sollier and J. Pinei. The names of the other editors successively were W. Caper, P. Bosch, J. Stilting, J. Limpennus, J. Veldius, C. Suyken, J. Perier, U. Sticker, J. Cleus, C. Bye, J. Bue, J. Ghesquiere, J. B. Fonson, and Hubens, all Jesuits; Father Berthod, a Benedictine, and S. Dyck, C. Goorinus, Heylen, and M. Stalsius, all of the Order of Premonstratensians. These writers have been collectively styled the "Bollandists," from the name of the first editor, and the work was published by them successively at Antwerp, down to the year 1770, after which two volumes appeared at Brussels, in 1783, and the last of the series at Tongerlo, in 1794, when the work was interrupted by the irruption of the French into Belgium. This last volume concludes with the Saints in the calendar whose memory is celebrated on the 14th of October.

After an interval of more than fifty years, the publication was resumed at Brussels in 1845; since which time four volumes have appeared, with the following names of editors; viz. J. Vandemoere, J. Vanhecke, B. Bossue, V. de Buck, A. Tiunbrock, and E. Carpentier. The work, however, is still far from completion; as these volumes comprise only the Saints from the 15th to the 22nd of October. The greatest pains have been taken with this continuation, and the Belgian Government, looking upon it as in some measure a national work, have encouraged it by an annual subvention of six thousand francs. Rather more than a year ago it was sought—though, we are happy to say, unsuccessfully—to withdraw from it this support, on the ground of its being a useless expenditure of the public money, when a Report was addressed to the Royal Commission upon History by M. de Ram, a distinguished member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, strongly advocating the claim of the "New Bollandists" to the sum annually granted them from the Treasury. This

Report contains a great many curious and valuable particulars respecting both the old and new Bollandists, and quotes the testimony of some of the most distinguished men, not only Catholics but Protestants, as to the valuable pictures it presents of life and manners in the Middle Ages. Not to mention the Bellarmins and the Bonas, the Fontaninis, Mabillons, Du Canges, and Muratoris, who have all expressed their admiration of such a monument of industry as the "Acta Sanctorum," the great Turenne and the great Napoleon regarded it as embodying the archives of a most important period in the history of mankind; and the latter of these great men at one time even expressed a desire that it might be completed during his reign. Leibnitz and Meibomius, Bayle, Ludowig, and Fabricius, have all paid it their respectful homage; and in more recent times, Von Hammer and Goerres, Monge, Guizot, Saint-Marc Girardin, and Ernest Renan. The last-mentioned goes even the length of affirming, that a prisoner's cell with the "Acta Sanctorum" for company, would be a true Paradise. We subjoin the more sober testimony of three English librarians to its merits, written at a time when it was under discussion in Belgium to withdraw from its continuation the support of Government. It is dated, British Museum, May 25, 1860, and is as follows:—"The undersigned having been informed that it is in contemplation to put a stop to the publication of the 'Acta Sanctorum,' beg to express their regret that so important a work should not be completed. In reference to the history of the Middle Ages its aid is invaluable, affording materials often to be found nowhere else, and throwing light not only on ecclesiastical and monastic institutions and affairs, but also on civil transactions, chronology, hagiography, local nomenclature, genealogies, and manners and customs. The philosophical writer and the archaeologist alike find a mine of wealth in these volumes, and the great erudition displayed by the editors contributes to render them of the utmost value. On all accounts it is to be hoped that the materials amassed since the publication of the work was resumed will not now be thrown aside, but that the work will be continued and completed in its integrity, as contemplated in the prospectus put forth in 1838 by those learned men by whom it has been so ably conducted. (Signed) T. Madden, Edward A. Bond, J. Winter Jones." Mr. Panizzi wrote a letter to the same effect, and Dr. Pertz, of Berlin, the learned editor of the *Monumenta Germanie Historica*, also strongly impressed upon the Belgian Government the vast importance to the historical student of the completion of this great monument of Belgian industry and erudition. The result has been that the subvention of 6000 francs still figures in the Belgian budget.

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE

La France sous Philippe le Bel. Etudes sur les Institutions Politiques et Administratives du Moyen-Age. (France under Philippe le Bel. Studies on the Political and Administrative Institutions of the Middle Ages.) Par M. Boutaric, Archiviste aux Archives de l'Empire. (H. Plon, Paris: D. Nutt, London.) This work has been crowned by the Académie des Inscriptions in Paris, and has obtained the first prize. It treats principally of the abolition of the Order of the Templars, and gives so much unknown and authentic information on that celebrated event, that our readers will thank us for an introduction to the book. The abolition of the Knights Templars was the most scandalous act committed by the Papacy under Clement V., and was one of the iniquities of the reign of Philippe le Bel. History has failed to elucidate this mysterious occurrence. The numerous documents that exist assign motives, but not the real ones, for this severe measure, which struck at once at the Church and the nobility. Founded at the beginning of the twelfth century, the Order of the Templars had for its object the defence of the Holy Places. Monks as well as soldiers, the Templars represented the two powers which divided the world; the Cross and the Sword. Their sacred character united to their bil-

liant acts of valour, and the noble birth of the greater number of the brethren, made them the objects of universal respect. In less than two years they amassed great riches. When we examine the authentic deeds and documents which reveal their wealth, we easily discover the secret of their power. Throughout Normandy, and in other provinces, the donations made by the peasantry to the Knights Templars are beyond computation. In the charters which record this liberality, the alleged popular motive is the hope of ensuring eternal salvation, but the true reason was the need of a protection which had become essential, and which was found in the brotherhood who combined the powerful authority of the sword with the moral influence of the Church. Every class of society felt the advantage of such a protection. To possess it, proprietors gave up a portion of their property; artisans and workmen who owned nothing but their own individual selves entered into an engagement with the Knights by which they did not actually resign their liberty and become serfs, but they submitted to serve as *men* under their new masters. They swore allegiance, and paid an annual nominal tax of a few deniers in token of their subjection. What motive could have urged freemen thus to surrender their independence? Numerous charters explain the mystery. For instance, we are told that one Guécin, a fisherman of Condé, in the province of Brie, a freeman, enrolled himself as a *man* of the Templars. "Pro commodo et utilitate sua, ut ei videbatur, et ad vitanda futura pericula." These perils were nothing more or less than persecution from lordly bailiffs, and legal vexations; and it was in order to escape these that innumerable artisans engaged themselves as *men* of the Templars. But with the increase of power came also overweening pride and arrogance, and the original purpose of the institution was too often lost sight of. It is related that a Templar who was confined in prison for his crimes, made startling revelations to a companion in captivity, describing the fearful excesses carried on in the Temple, all of which were carefully concealed from the knowledge of the public. He spoke of impious practices, of apostasy, and of debauchery. The confidant repeated the conversation, the report of which reached the ears of the King, who desired inquiries to be made. Many motives combined induce him to act with rigour. The Templars were rich and powerful; their influence was displeasing to Royalty; their wealth excited covetousness. Philip felt sorely tempted to restore the worn-out finances of the State by appropriating it. In 1306, the Order rendered him a service which the King could by no means forgive, and which put the finishing stroke to his jealousy. In an *émeute* occasioned by the sudden variations in the value of money, the Parisians insulted Philip, who was driven to seek an asylum in the Temple, where he was detained several days by the fury of the populace. The obligation he was under to the Knights in his own capital was too much for the King of France, who had now, moreover, an opportunity of judging for himself of their grandeur and opulence. From that day the doom of the Order was irrevocably sealed. The King proposed to Clement V. the abolition of the Templars. He detailed the crimes imputed to them. Clement was much disquieted, but gave no definite answer. He promised to institute an inquiry, and begged the King to do the same on his side. Philip was angry at the reluctance shown by the Pope, and almost detained him prisoner at Poitiers. Sinister rumours gained ground regarding the Templars; they became aware of them, and boldly appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff. Clement knew not which side to take. Philip grew weary of his vacillation, and struck a bold stroke at once. On the 13th October, 1307, a general arrest of the Templars took place throughout the kingdom. The *lettre de cachet* authorizing their seizure was accompanied by a sort of proclamation which was meant to explain the act, and in which, after a most eloquent exordium, the crimes of which the Templars were accused were enumerated: First, none were admitted into their Order who had not three times renounced all faith in Jesus Christ, and had not spit three times on the crucifix. Second, after this sacrilegious act the new Templar was to

embrace thrice on the back, the chest, and the mouth, the knight who admitted him. They then bound themselves by terrible oaths to refuse nothing to their brethren, not even criminal compliances. Philip added that he had conferred with the Pope on this matter. This letter, which was circulated among the people and read with avidity, produced the desired effect. No one doubted the guilt of the Templars when they found that the Church acted in concert with the temporal power for the suppression of a religious Order. But this union between the Pope and the King did not really exist. The condemnation allowed by Clement was not of his own free will; it was forced from him by violence and intimidation. He had certainly agreed to institute inquiry, but he had not consented to the arrest of the Templars. Thus when the news reached him, he so far forgot the dependence in which he was held, as bitterly to reproach the King for having violated his engagements. All the property belonging to the Order was confiscated, and law proceedings commenced. These were, in fact, illegal, for the knights who were accused of heresy were only amenable to an ecclesiastical tribunal. The agents of the King knew this, and evaded the difficulty by including the holy Inquisitors, who were his devoted partisans. The civil Judges and the Inquisitors united were most iniquitous in their proceedings. The prisoners were called upon three separate times, under pain of excommunication, to disclose their crimes. Pardon and protection were promised to those who should confess, but the rack was applied to those who persisted in their innocence. It was necessary, at all risks, to obtain an avowal of guilt. Torture wrung from the unfortunate victims that which promises failed to extract. Clement suspended the powers of the Inquisitorial judges and bishops, and demanded that the King should place in his hands the persons and the goods of the Templars. Philip refused to obey, but sent seventy-two Knights to the Pope, that he might examine them and convince himself of the justice of the accusations laid against them. A Templar of the Pope's household revealed some facts in confidence. Clement no longer doubted, but he would not consent to the abolition of the Order; he would rather endeavour to reform it. The King convoked the States-General at the end of May, 1308, and the Templars were pronounced guilty. The Grand Master, Jacques de Morley, and the other chiefs, insisted that the confessions had been obtained only by the torture to which the victims had been subjected. From the month of October, 1309, to the month of May, 1311, thirteen hundred and thirty-one witnesses were examined. In every province councils met to decide upon the information that had been collected. They condemned the Templars to various penalties; some to be burnt, others to be imprisoned. Fifty-nine were burnt in Paris, at the gate St. Antoine. But individual condemnations did not satisfy the King, who wished for the entire suppression of the Knights and the confiscation of their wealth. The Pope persisted in his opposition, but at length, being alarmingly threatened, he gave way. France is the only country that has shown cruelty to the Templars. Everywhere else their property has been given to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and new Orders were formed into which the Templars were admitted. The real motives for the suppression of this Order, if we may judge from the facts contained in the work before us (and many interesting details which our space forbids us to notice), were the avarice of the King and the weakness of the Pope. Authentic documents not having been discovered until now, the abolition of the Templars has been to contemporaries, and to most of the French chroniclers, a strange mystery, that has given rise to various vague suppositions. It was difficult to believe that so extensive a brotherhood, scattered over all parts of the world, should be guilty of heresy, of idolatry, and of immorality. M. Boutaric takes much pains to separate the true from the false in the accusations against the Templars; and the reader will find in this work all the information he can wish for on this great scandal of the fourteenth century.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, January.

YESTERDAY those whom Carnival-keeping hours over-night had made late risers in the morning, found all Florence arrayed in festal trim, with tricoloured flags hanging from every house. What can it be? Has the King arrived in the night, sooner than he was expected? Has the Emperor—the Emperor nowadays means no longer the Kaiser, but him of France—has the Emperor haply been seen to frown when speaking to an archbishop, so that there is reason to think the barometer is sinking to foul weather for the temporal power? Has Chiavone been caught, or have the French officers refused to restore his captured inexpressibles? What can the good news be, which has set all Florence rejoicing? It was anything but a gala-looking morning, raw and dull, with a drizzling rain falling, and a leaden sky which would have befitting a London November day. But there was a poor rope-maker pursuing his calling in the Scotch mist, within sight of my window. I opened it, and called out to him, to ask what was the matter, and why all the flags were flying.

"*E rotta la pentola al Papa! Grazia a Dio!*" said the rope-maker. "The Pope's pipkin is broken, God be thanked therof!" and he went on twisting his cord, as considering the answer both lucid and satisfactory.

This metaphor of Florentine cockney speech was new to me; and the avidity of the popular mind in fair Florence for news of any kind of mischance to the "Holy Father" and his affairs, is such as might have led one to imagine, that without any metaphor at all, the tidings of such an accident to the Apostolic household goods had excited the feelings of these easily-moved people. One was reminded of the enthusiastic rejoicings of the Florentines three hundred years ago over the news that Clement VII. had the colic, and the sudden revulsion the next day, when tidings came that he was well again.

But it was not difficult to divine that the rope-maker meant to say that the Papal affairs had, as an English rope-maker might have phrased it, "gone to pot!"—that it was "all up with him!" And on going out into the city, I found the same story in the mouths of the people. "Italy for ever! We've got Rome at last!" said one. "The Pope is down! Our side wins!" cried another. "He and his Cardinals have all cut their sticks! What a blessing from heaven!" said a third. "It's only the temporal power that is at an end," argued a better informed and more intelligent citizen. Of course one knew very well that all this was a great deal too good to be true. But nobody who went among the people in the streets of Florence that morning, will be likely to give any heed to the assurances, which are so often heard, that there is still a great deal of feeling in favour of the Head of the Catholic Church among the masses of the people.

Gradually the real extent of the good news became known throughout the city; and by mid-day Florence was aware that the Pope's pipkin was not quite broken yet—only badly cracked. It was only another "demonstration!" but it was a very big one. It took place on the "Peter's chair" festival, a very significant occasion. Thousands of tricoloured banners had been displayed in Rome, and "Vivas" for Italy and Vittorio Emanuele had filled the streets, and even the courts of the Vatican, with treasonable echoes. But the gist of the matter, the really important part of the news was, that the French troops had permitted all this—had been passive spectators, and had abstained from any movement for the restoration of "order."

It is very humiliating for a nation to sit thus on thorns, anxiously watching the varying expressions of a foreign ruler's face—breaking forth into rejoicings at the slightest relaxation of the grasp in which he holds them, and plunged into depression and the sickness of hope long deferred when in the next hour the relaxation is found once more delusive. This is a very humiliating and painful attitude for a people. And those are greatly mistaken

who fancy that Italy does not feel it to be so; and will not long remember all that she has been made to suffer in this way. And the day will assuredly come when France will find that she has an exasperated rival with a grudge against her, where she might have had an enthusiastic and generously loyal ally.

Il Lampione, our Florentine *Punch*, has lost not a moment in making booty of the news from Rome. He gives a large lithograph, of which the leaders of the people in Rome, with their tricoloured banners and flags, inscribed "Hurrah for a free Church in a free State! Hurrah for a Pope no longer Sovereign! Hurrah for Victor Emanuel, King of Italy!" fill one half of the picture. On the opposite side is the Pope in a state of astonished alarm and indignation, and hiding behind his ample robes the ex-King of Naples and his wife. Between the two groups stands Lavalette, who is saying, "Holy Father, they are to-day ten thousand banners; to-morrow they may be muskets, and the day after . . . !"

Even among our *blasts* selves a pungent political caricature will sometimes do more than merely provoke a smile. And here, among these excitable people, to whom the liberty of thus satirizing their rulers and pastors and masters is new, the effect of the coarse but effective caricatures which every week brings forth in considerable numbers, is very great. Especially the result of caricaturing the priests and the members of the hierarchy, in a manner which so short a time ago would have been held to be sacrilegious, and altogether monstrous, has been very notable.

"*Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*"

A ridiculous presentation of the Pope in full pontifical costume, with his tiara on his head, does more among the classes of the people who read little, or not at all, than a dozen sermons or articles in favour of Protestantism.

A little while ago the Florentine *Lampione* was prosecuted by the Government for "bringing contempt upon the religion of the State" by caricaturing the Pope. Such a prosecution was eminently injudicious, and the result showed it to be so. The defence was entrusted to Signor Achille Gennarelli, himself an advocate of the Roman Rota, but now practising at Florence, and who is the author of a variety of polemical works, which, written as they are with a singularly intimate and special knowledge of the Roman Court, its history, its constitution, and its secrets, have told with great effect against the Papacy. Of course Signor Gennarelli undertook the defence of the "*Lampione*" *con amore*. The defence consisted in taking advantage of the twofold character with which the successor of St. Peter insists on being invested. We have ridiculed the Pope, and have, we hope, brought contempt upon him. True! But we have ridiculed him as a Sovereign and not as a Bishop. It is impossible, it may be argued, to assail the Sovereign without exposing the priest to contempt. The satire and criticism which is admissible under a free constitution, in the case of a lay ruler, is injurious to religion in the case of the priest-king. All this may be very true. We are in no wise concerned to deny it. But that is the fault of the system which unites priest and king in one person. If the Pope will persist in bearing two characters, he must take the consequences. This line of argument was enforced and enlarged on with admirable eloquence, and illustrated with much wit, by Signor Gennarelli. He carried the jury with him, and the *Lampione* was triumphantly acquitted. "*Solvuntur risu tabulae!*" And the priest-king has had to take this consequence of his temporal sovereignty, together with so many others accordingly ever since, in the shape of an unceasing fire of ridicule by pen and pencil.

Tuscany is suffering from the consequences of its own long-established character for orderly habits and its peaceable civilized conduct. For the result of this has been, that the Tuscan police, and the whole mechanism for the prevention and punishment of crime throughout the province, is probably the most inefficient in Europe. No community in the civilized world probably ever existed in peace and tranquillity with

so little protection from police and the criminal law as this. The Tuscans cannot be called a law-abiding people; for they are very inveterately the reverse as regards all the minor regulations, that which is called street-police and which municipal authority are wont to enforce in other countries. Everybody does that which is good in his own eyes, and everybody submits to the little annoyances arising from the encroachments of his neighbours. The ragamuffins turn the streets into a bull-court; the railway traveller brings a dog and six bundles into the carriage, and thrusts them between the legs of his fellow-passengers; itinerant vendors of every sort of commodity block up the thoroughfares; everybody encroaches on the public street for the purposes of his pleasure or business; and everybody, however much inconvenienced, cries "*pazienza!*" and submits. It is a system of universal tolerance. And if the Tuscans do not commit burglaries or murders, it is because they have no inclination to do so, and not because there is anybody to prevent them.

And to tell the honest truth, notwithstanding that one had occasionally to endure one's own share of inconvenience from the general lawlessness, there was a certain charm in the easy-going, good-natured, give-and-take habits which made the harness of law sit very lightly on one's own shoulders. And it was all mighty well, and we jogged on in our somewhat slipshod way pleasantly enough, as long as it was "Tuscany for the Tuscans." Crime was very rare, crime accompanied by violence almost unknown—in Florence, I might say, quite unknown. And both as cause and consequence of this state of things, our police and police regulations were as nearly good-for-nothing as possible.

A very lamentable case has just occurred, which will no doubt cause a great outcry in England, as it has already done here. An Englishman, Mr. Macarthy, a much esteemed man, and a highly valued medical practitioner at Pisa, has just been murdered in that city by a porter, who insisted on forcing his services, or rather the offer of them, on the unfortunate gentleman, although repeatedly assured that they were not needed.

The porters at Leghorn and Pisa have long been notorious as a turbulent and lawless set of blackguards; although I never heard of any case in which they were guilty of absolute violence before. The deplorable event has caused quite as painful sensation among the Italians as among the English residents; and it is to be hoped that it will at least lead to some more efficient means of controlling these fellows both at Leghorn and at Pisa, where they are mostly Leghorn men. The men who wait about the railway stations at Florence are often troublesome and need regulation. But your Florentine "*proletaire*" is of a very different breed from the cosmopolitan riffraff which has made the Leghorn population quite a thing apart in Tuscany. And although it is clear that an isolated deed of this sort might be perpetrated in the midst of the best-regulated community in Europe, it may be fairly asserted that there is no city in which it would not be more probable than in Florence. T. A. T.

LEIPSIG, January 28.

ALTHOUGH, judging from the late onslaught of Mr. Disraeli on German Philosophy, and from the knock-down manner in which Dr. Phillimore, a few days ago, dealt with it, one must necessarily suppose it to be at a greater discount than ever in the country of Bacon and Locke; yet I trust the subject is not so wholly "tabooed" by the readers of the *Literary Gazette* as to preclude the possibility of my enlisting their attention to it for a few moments, and so I will hazard the attempt, even in the teeth of the fearful odds I have to contend against. I hope the reader may not be deterred by this rather grave-looking preamble from proceeding; for, after all, I do not by any means intend to enter into an elaborate metaphysical disquisition, but, not overstepping my function as chronicler of events, I am only about simply to put on record a few of the more interesting facts, culled from the vast field spreading out before me; or, in plain language, to notice some of the latest philosophical publications.

The political ferment into which Germany had been thrown by the events of '48 had for a considerable time acted as a blight on Philosophy, and thrust it into the background; indeed, it seemed to be on the verge of utter extinction. Action had superseded speculation; physics or natural philosophy alone reigned supreme, and the Germans, formerly almost intoxicated with idealism, were fast sobering down, and threatened, for a time, to plunge headlong into the grossest materialism. A healthy re-action has at length taken place, and philosophy once more begins to rear its head among us. Not that I would compare it myself, or would have it compared, to a hydra: but I speak in the plural, because, as in the political world, although constantly aiming at and talking of unity, we are sadly divided and split up into many fractions and factions; so in philosophy, although the principle of unity is being upheld and contended for by nearly all the philosophers, still they range under various heads, and adopt different systems. Thus, in addition to the *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Philosophische Kritik*, edited by J. H. Fichte, H. Ulrici, and Wirth, which is now the oldest in the market, and is the organ of the so-called Pseudo-Hegelian school, the year 1860 brought us a new one, bearing the title of *Zeitschrift für exacte Philosophie*, and representing the philosophy of Herbert, which has its principal seat at our University. Shortly after followed the new organ of the genuine Hegelians, entitled *Der Gedanke*, and edited by Professor Michelet, at Berlin. Besides these there is Noack editing *Psyche*; and though last, not least, I have to mention the *Zeitschrift für Volkspsychologie und Sprachwissenschaft*, edited by Dr. M. Lazarus and Dr. H. Herthl. Your readers will think there is food enough even for so greedy a people as the Germans are as regards spiritual pabulum. Not so thought Professor Frohschammer, at Munich; and hence it is that I have to record another novelty of the season. A new periodical has just been started by that gentleman, intended more particularly, though not exclusively, for the Catholics of Germany. The *Athenæum*, for such is its classic name, is to appear in quarterly numbers, for the enlightenment of our Southern neighbours, including, of course, the Catholic clergy, for whose especial behoof these new portals of wisdom are thrown open by the sage Professor. Let not the reader smile so archly, as with my mental eye I see him do at this statement. Let him, I entreat, dismiss from his mind the nascent suspicion of some other motive that may have prompted the Professor or the publisher to embark in this speculation; for I can assure the reader, pecuniary profit is here wholly out of the question, and, Professor Blackie's recent eulogy on German universities and German estimation of professors notwithstanding, it would be an egregious mistake to suppose that their labours are always adequately rewarded, or that the public is so ready to support them, or scholars generally, in their disinterested efforts for the dissemination of truth and enlightenment. Rather the reverse. Publications of this kind are mostly losing speculations; and woe betide the editor or the publisher who should calculate upon any gain to accrue to his pocket by such an enterprise. Indeed, there are in Germany but few periodicals of any kind that really pay, in the sense in which the word is understood in England. The *Gartenlaube*, a weekly paper, similar to *Chambers's Information for the People*, with its hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers, forms the great exception, and may be said to be a success that "stands by itself" in German periodical literature.

To revert to Professor Blackie's lecture "On German, English, and Scotch Universities," lately delivered at Glasgow, we are obliged to him for the highly flattering terms in which he speaks of our "Titans" of erudition; and should this meet his eye, it may be a satisfaction to him to learn that the passage alluded to has found its way into the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, by Brockhaus.

A brief account of another philosophical novelty, by Professor Hurtenstein, I will reserve for my next communication.

Last week we had a commemoration of Lessing's birthday (he was born at Camenz on the 22nd January, 1729), which went off with considerable éclat.

Roderick Benedix, the popular dramatic author, residing in this town, delivered an able address, including recitations of some of the more striking passages from "Nathan" and "Minna von Barnhelm," and a series of living pictures was exhibited, representing scenes from Lessing's life and dramas. A banquet concluded the festivity, which was kept up with great hilarity till an early hour of the following morning. A similar festival was held at Berlin, and in both instances the object was a collection of money towards the erection of a monument at Camenz to the great founder of modern German literature, whose surpassing merits are being more and more appreciated.

At the last Gewandhaus concert a rather unusual incident occurred. The performer, Herr Ehrlich, a highly talented musician and author, who was announced in the bill, failed to make his appearance, having suddenly quitted the town, his performance at the rehearsal not having met, as I am given to understand, with the full approbation of the leaders of the orchestra, though I would not undertake to vouch for the fact thus stated. To fill up the gap in the programme, a pupil of the Conservatorium, Miss Madeline Schiller, of London, was called in, and in her performance on the piano she acquitted herself most creditably, and held out high promise of becoming an excellent artist.

Tichatscheck, the celebrated vocalist of the Dresden stage, has been allowed to retire on full pension, with a stipulation, however, as in the case of Emil Devrient, to annually re-appear for some nights to delight an admiring audience.

Dr. J. Fürst, the celebrated Hebrew scholar and lecturer in our University, has just been presented by his Majesty of Saxony with a valuable ring set in diamonds, in acknowledgment of his high merits as an Orientalist. He is the author of a "Hebrew Concordance," and has just published a very able and learned "Hebrew and Chaldee Dictionary." But for an obstructive statute of the University, which it would be well to abrogate, he would probably long since have been promoted to the Professorial Chair. By way of compensation, however, he is meanwhile to receive a regular salary out of the funds of the University. A. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The Trustees of the Museum are, many of them, the same persons as the Trustees of the National Gallery of Pictures. But be this as it may, no visitor to the two national collections can avoid seeing in the one that the Trustees or Curators have a real love for paintings, and in the other they take far less pleasure in sculpture. In the picture gallery the hanging is most judicious; the light is excellent. When the sun shines on a picture, an attendant immediately draws a blind, which he withdraws when a cloud comes over head. There is an abundant supply of cane seats of light weight, so that the visitor may place himself at his ease in front of his favourite pictures, and admire them without fatigue. The name and other information painted upon every frame is unobjectionable. In the Museum, on the other hand, the sculpture seems placed with a view to ornament the gallery, not to be itself studied and admired.

The entrance hall and staircase are certainly noble, but we enter the galleries of antiquities to meet with sad disappointment. The first Roman gallery is darkened by a portico, only now at length made useful by the glass sheds which are placed under it. In the Egyptian galleries, which are, architecturally speaking, the most important, the light falls most unfortunately for every object that is set against the wall. To study an inscription there, is difficult on a bright day; on a dull day it is hopeless. This gallery is divided by pilasters into compartments so small that half a set of paintings is in one compartment, and half in another; half an inscription on a series of slabs is in one compartment, and half in another on the other side of the room. Nobody is more aware of this defect than the learned keepers of the antiqui-

ties. They may wish to place the Egyptian sculpture in chronological order; but the pilasters and the influence of the architect forbid. They may wish to number the pilasters or recesses, so that the official guide-book may tell us in what part of the gallery we may find any tablet that we are in search for; but any such useful mark would interfere with the architecture.

The keepers would, of course, wish to light up the staircase with reflectors on the outside to throw light from the sky upon the interesting papyri that hang there; but higher authorities have determined that the window, small as it is, is to be darkened with ground glass. There are no moveable seats in any of the galleries, so that the weary visitor soon walks on in despair, as he has not strength to satisfy his curiosity. The Trustees cannot be brought to believe that a visitor could wish to sit down before a statue or bas-relief and study it. As Canova long ago remarked of us, we look with our ears. We are told that our sculpture is most valuable; and having heard so, we are to walk through the rooms without being so unreasonable as to wish to stop and look at leisure; and therefore seats are quite unnecessary. The Trustees would hardly confer a greater boon upon science than by ordering in a couple of hundred, or perhaps more, cane stools, to be sprinkled up and down the galleries for the use of the visitors, and by putting outside reflectors to the windows to throw a little light upon the first Roman gallery and the Egyptian gallery and the staircase. S. S.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are informed that Mr. Hawkins, of the Hermitage, in the Isle of Wight, has been engaged there during the past winter in completing the second volume of *My Life and Times*.

We observe that Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. announce in their list of forthcoming publications Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's *Speech in Defence of Dr. Rowland Williams*.

The county of Cornwall is about to be favoured with a valuable clerical library. The Bishop of Exeter lately offered to bestow his extensive collection of theological works, comprising folio editions of the Fathers and a complete collection of Anglican divines, on the clergy of the archdeaconry of Cornwall. The result has been the acceptance of the Bishop's original offer by the Cornish clergy, and a considerable subscription for the purpose of carrying out his generous intentions. As Truro has now grown to be the principal town in the county, and from its central position, it has been universally chosen as the site of the library.

Tiecknor, the historian of Spanish literature, has completed his *Life of Prescott*, but will not print the work until the present political disturbances of "the States" shall have somewhat subsided.

It is not generally known that the authorities of the educational department of the South Kensington Museum have been engaged for some time in collecting, as far as possible, a complete library of English educational literature. Previous to the commencement of this admirable project there existed no similar collection of school-books in this country. The British Museum certainly has some curious and early volumes—Whittington's school-books, for instance, published by Wynkin de Worde—but nothing approaching a complete gathering of old English school-books, which would exhibit at once the history of the popular mind from generation to generation, showing the means that existed at various periods for the acquirement of the rudiments of knowledge. The scraps of poetry, stories, proverbs, and fables that occur in the old-fashioned spelling-books are the best remembered and most frequently used of all literary similes and evidences of "book learning." The illustrious and frequently-cited partnership of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, took its rise from the story "Of the Boys that went into the Water instead of being at School, or at Home," first given in Daniel Fenning's *Universal*

Spelling-Book, 1750. Who does not remember how poor Smith got drowned, and how Brown's father, a very sharp sort of a man, suddenly appeared upon the spot and caned him thoroughly before he had time to put on any of his clothes, whilst Jones and Robinson ran home helter-skelter only half-dressed?

The last volume of the cheap edition (6s.) of Lord Macaulay's *History of England* is announced as shortly to appear from Messrs. Longman's press. Dean Milman has written a short memoir to accompany the work, and a capital portrait will be given, engraved from Richmond's picture.

Mr. Murray announces a new book from the pen of the eccentric George Borrow, the well-known author of the *Bible in Spain and Lavengro*, the *Scholar, Gipsy, and Priest*. Mr. Borrow has been sojourning amongst the good people of Wales, and the title of the book will be *Wild Wales; its People, Language, and Scenery*.

A catalogue of the periodicals, newspapers, and transactions of various societies; also a list of metropolitan printing societies and clubs for 1862, has just been issued by the Messrs. Longman.

In the neck, if we may so term it, of Fleet-street, just where the crushing and crowding is the worst in that busy thoroughfare, opposite *Punch's* famous office, and facing poor Mr. Bogue's once pleasant window of Cruikshankiana and pictures of Court Beauties, that doubtless, in times gone by, set many a City 'prentice's heart on fire, very lately stood Lewis's well-known literary auction room, where Pickering's bankrupt stock was sold, and where the libraries of many eminent men have been disposed of from time to time. Mr. Lewis has now removed his business to Bell Yard, Temple Bar.

Religion of Life, by Dr. Guthrie, forming the recent contributions to *Good Words*, is announced by the Messrs. Black. Of the shilling edition of *Waverley*, just issued by this firm, over twenty thousand copies have been sold in a few weeks.

People are asking what has become of the bronze statue of Jenner, the famous vaccinator, that appears to have fled in a single night from its pedestal in Trafalgar-square.

A Library Company was very lately announced. We now hear of the "British Paper-making Company, Limited," which proposes to erect mills near Gravesend, capable of turning out thirty tons of paper per week.

Early in February booksellers' and stationers' windows generally undergo a curious metamorphosis; Macaulay and Tennyson are taken out to make way for the illumined epistles of Saint Valentine. Just now the shops are glowing with coloured Cupids, ladies in pink-satin dresses dying most pleasantly with arrows in their bosoms, and sinking in the most becoming attitudes into the arms of gentlemen in blue frock-coats and white pantaloons. These are the "stock" valentines, that have undergone but little change for twenty years; most of the ladies having their hair after the fashion of Dutch dolls, with coral necklaces and ear-rings, and the gentlemen wearing straps and coats with very high collars. Each season produces its "novelties." Those of the present are portraits of the gorilla (amongst satirical valentines); moveables, where humour is extracted out of the unfortunate crinolines, or a bashful singleman is plumped all of a sudden into a state of matrimonial bliss; "Riflemen's Charns," and any quantity of sly fun at the expense of the Volunteers. Of course, the old-fashioned spiteful valentines are as numerous as ever, especially in the windows of the grubby olla-podrida shops in low neighbourhoods. Ladies with snaggle teeth and rubicund noses, have poetical descriptions of their virtues, wherein a taste for continuous powers of conversation and the gin bottle are incidentally alluded to. Nearly all the trades and professions are included. The grocer is pleasantly reminded that it is wrong to sand sugar or to water treacle; the doctor of medicine or the humbler chemist is called a saw-bones; and something very disagreeable concerning body-snatching is generally said about their friend the undertaker. Milkmen are cautioned against loitering so long at the pump, and the baker is advised to try a little less alum and chalk.

The tobacconist is told that his "bird's-eye" will be much better without such extra damping, and the publican is particularly requested not to put so much treacle and jalap in his beer. The descriptive poetry at the foot of the caricature, as may be imagined—or rather, as is well known—is not from the most talented of pens. The workmen at old Tommy Pitt's establishment, and those at the famous Jimmy Catnach's, both in Seven Dials, used to take upon themselves the literary labour, whilst their masters superintended the rude woodcuts and the coloured printing. In Hone's *Every-day Book*, many years ago, and in an early volume of *Notes and Queries*, correspondents asked for information as to the origin of printed and coloured valentines, but no answer in either case appears to have been elicited. In the *New Academy of Accomplishments*, and in the *Countryman's Complete Treasure of Delight*, both published at the latter end of the seventeenth century, there are "posies for garlands, and choice verses for valentines to suit young men and maids," and we remember to have seen two very old single-sheet specimens—forerunners of the epistles now exhibited in the windows—both printed in Alderman Churchyard, apparently about 1750.

The republication of the *Puritan Divines* is making considerable headway. Mr. Nichol, who brought out Gilfillan's edition of the Poets at the exceedingly moderate price of six volumes for one guinea, is now producing the worthy old divines of the Stuart period at a like rate. Goodwin's works, and those by Henry Smith, usually styled the "Chrysostom of the Puritans," will form the first series. The Rev. Mr. Grosart, who has long been diligently collecting the scattered pieces of the Puritan Fathers for editorial purposes in this republication scheme, is about to remove from Kinross to the neighbourhood of London, where he will be better able to pursue his labours.

It is pleasant to hear that the demand for books is reviving in the United States. Nearly forty original works or translations were published in that country during the month of December, besides a considerable number of the usual reprints of English works, which swell the list to nearly a hundred so-called "new books." The second volume of that most useful book, Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, is announced; this completes the work. It is not generally known that the author is a retired merchant, and that this extraordinary instance of literary activity and gigantic labour has been begun and completed in what is usually termed the "evening of life."

The Bookseller states that "it is not generally known that the Muniment Room of the City of London contains a most extensive series of records, extending back as far as the reign of Edward I., 1272, and pretty complete from that time to the present. Mr. H. T. Riley, who has already so ably edited the *Liber Albus* and the *Liber Custumarum*, proposes to make a further selection, if the Corporation be willing to make a grant for the purpose."

The death of the founder of the Paris *Punch* or *Charivari*, is announced—Charles Philipon, the well-known French caricaturist. He had long been counted one of the most distinguished of Parisian *littérateurs*. His satirical pencil continued to the last to give the journal its high position, and his loss will be severely felt.

Another contribution to Shakesperiana is announced: "*The Shakspeare Cyclopædia*, a classified summary of Shakspeare's knowledge of the works and phenomena of Nature." The author is Mr. Jas. H. Fennell, and he promises to give all the allusions to zoology, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, medicine, chemistry, agriculture, hunting, falconry, &c., with curious and apposite quotations from numerous ancient writers. It is proposed to issue the work in twenty 1s. parts.

Alexandre Dumas is at present in Turin; but his ordinary residence is still the Palace Chiatamone, at Naples, where he is engaged writing a *History of the Bourbons*, compiled from the Neapolitan archives.

We learn from St. Petersburg that by a ukase of the Emperor, dated 18th December last, Privy

Councillor Delianoff has been appointed to the important office of Principal of the Imperial Library in that city. In this post he succeeds to Baron Von Koiff, who has been appointed to some other office.

SCIENCE.

ETHNOLOGY IN ENGLAND.

Transactions of the Ethnological Society for 1861. Murray.

If we except the labours of a few individual naturalists, such as Buffon, Cuvier, and Linnaeus, we may give to our countrymen the proud distinction of having been the first to study with requisite attention and scientific skill, the races of men, the affinities of race, the differences of the conditions under which varieties of mankind live, the first causes of civilization, and the progress of one race past another in the paths of enlightenment, of commerce, and of industry.

Our national habits, our national necessities, not less than our desire for learning and inquiry, have led to this result. Known far and wide in the world as traders, explorers, naturalists, adventurers, our countrymen have acquired a precise knowledge of the different nations of the earth such as is possessed by no other community; and as the obtaining of the information which, day by day, has accumulated, is attended with enterprise and danger, the narrative is received always with an eager enthusiasm and delighted ear. Enter into the heart of English society wherever you may, into the circles most adorned or most dissolute, into the richest mansion or the poorest cottage, into the society of men or the school of the child, announce yourself a traveller, tell of the men far away with whom you have spoken, of the manners and customs you have seen, of the native wit and humour you have listened to, and as sure as you are a man, or a woman either, you will break every spell, enslave your audience, and delight everybody within the sound of your voice. To such an extent have we islanders carried this love of the foreign and the strange, that we often have allowed ourselves, with our eyes wide open, to gloat on imaginary tales of imaginary nations and of equally imaginary customs and manners. What were the greatest and longest-lived of all novels, Robinson Crusoe, but for its surprising details of other parts and other men? Where but in England would Lemuel Gulliver have obtained a hearing, or another more modern traveller, who, being contemporary, we would rather not name, lest his modesty should be overwhelmed by our admiration, have gathered such notorious friends? It is no wonder, then, we repeat, that England, the lover of the strange in man and in his habits, should be the first to frame an organization for the scientific investigation of what are now technically called ethnological questions? The more wonder that the said organization, existing under the name of the Ethnological Society, should not number amongst its members far more labourers than it does, and by a wider—certainly not by a better—constitution, achieve more.

We have now before us the *Transactions of the Society* named above for the past year; the papers are numerous, and, taking them all in all, good; their style in most instances terse and precise, and the subjects in every instance of deep interest to persons of all degrees, and we had almost said, of all opinions. The Ethnologists, as they exist and are represented in the work in hand, show certainly a sufficient commixture of thought to prevent the most

rigid from becoming nervous or the most liberal from assuming "supercilious airs." Orthodox, pure and resolute, has here its advocates; and heterodoxy, mild and temporizing, its gentle and affectionate friends.

"Many for many virtues excellent;
None but for some, and yet all different."

Selecting a few of the more interesting papers, we will give an analysis of their contents:—

Sir Edward Belcher's paper "On Works of Art by the Esquimaux," is one full of curious details. In this communication the author confines his remarks generally to the races of Esquimaux with which he came in contact during short and broken visits to their land. In reading his paper he was enabled to illustrate it by a very complete collection of objects of art, the examination of which tended to connect the chain of Arctic aborigines from the eastern limit of Asia to Greenland in one continuous line. He had also another prime object, that of exhibiting the stone implements of the western tribes at and north of Icy Cape, who had never been directly communicated with by any white man until he first set foot amongst them on their own soil.

In order to understand Sir Edward's position, it will be necessary to state that he was attached to H.M.S. Blossom, under the command of Captain Beechey, between the years 1825-9, in the attempt to meet and succour Franklin's expedition in the endeavour to connect the coast between the Mackenzie River and Icy Cape. His appointment as lieutenant and assistant-surveyor for the detached duties connected with science generally, afforded him greater opportunities than any other officer for communicating with the natives and collecting facts and materials.

To connect his observations on this link connecting the Asiatic race, the Tchutchi, with the north-western tribes of the Esquimaux, he finds it necessary to state that his first visit, in June 1826, was made to Kamchatka in order to procure a Tchutchi interpreter for the Esquimaux, who had already been met with by Kotzebue in the Sound which bears his name. Baron Wrangel being then present in his ship, the 'Modeste,' his first lieutenant was directed to give a ball to the natives, and at this ball Sir Edward had an opportunity of seeing the northern tribe of the Tchutchi in all their finery, and also of judging of their state of civilization. Compared with the Esquimaux tribes met with on the American shores, he found they were more accomplished in Asiatic manners, particularly in music. They also manufactured their own violins, strings, and bows, and performed wonderfully as compared with Europeans; they were, indeed, perfect Paganinis, especially in the imitation of animals, at the same time being expert buffoons and actors. In all other craft or handiwork, having doubtless been relieved by the introduction of Russian manufacture, they were far behind the Esquimaux of Western America in general intelligence, and differed from them entirely in the matter of weapons.

At the limit of the Arctic Circle, where Cape Prince of Wales meets the Asiatic shore, in sight and only thirty miles across, traffic had long been carried on between the races; but it is a well-known fact that the boundary lines of the respective tribes on the American side are as rigidly watched as they are between Belgium, France, and Germany. Sir Edward's party noticed the almost instant departure of one set of visitors as they passed the limit of their district, and in one instance witnessed not only a hostile disposition among them, but also the capture of a native chief.

The collection of objects which Sir Edward placed before the Society were the results of his communication with the aborigines at and north of Cape Lisburne, and were manufactured by the inhabitants themselves, many of the weapons being made in his presence. Some were subsequently obtained at the Aleutian Islands, Sitka, and California, and were produced merely as interesting by comparison.

Sir Edward then proceeds to notice the tools which he had purchased from the natives, in detail; but, before doing so, thinks it necessary, in order to understand their different mode of living, to explain that these tribes dwell during summer in very substantial tents, made with deerskins, and in winter in a peculiar species of den or log-house, termed a *yourt*, which is precisely similar to those now in use in Kamchatka as well as Greenland.

The *yourt* is constructed of the heavy drift-wood which abounds on the shores of the Arctic Sea, piled up in tiers, and always unaccountably replaced within a few days if cleared away, and yet very seldom seen afloat. The spars, varying in length from thirty to sixty feet, and about nine or ten inches at the butt, consist generally of oak, common fir, white cedar, cypress, ash, and that species of juniper known in Canada as the hackmatack, nearly approaching in toughness, as well as colour, to the English elm. It appears that the outline of the Esquimaux *yourt* is formed by digging a pit about twelve feet square and ten in depth, and driving vertical piles within these lines. These serve for the support of long spars, laid obliquely, and which, resting on their vertical ends, and ballasted with earth on their butts, form a four-sided pyramidal roof, leaving an opening at the summit about eighteen inches square, which serves as a window as well as ventilator, and which is closed, when requisite, by a frame, on which the large skin of the paunch of the whale or seal is stretched, excluding the air and cold, and yet affording a pleasant subdued light, about equal to ground glass.

The flooring of the *yourt* is formed of split timber, nicely smoothed, the interstices being filled or caulked internally and externally with moss; over all, outside, it is coated with bark, fine brushwood, and turf.

This building would be cold if entered directly from the outer level; but that there exists a *scientific association* in that country as well as in this these implements fully attest; undoubtedly the natives have acquired the knowledge that cold does not ascend, therefore they construct a long passage, about four feet below the level of the flooring of their chambers, planked, and covered in, through which, crawling on hands and knees, they arrive at and climb into the inner chamber, where comfort, and, in many instances, cleanliness and taste prevail.

As regards provision, the vicinity of Icy Cape seems to abound in every variety, provided the natives will consent to sell; and to secure an increased supply it is only necessary to select such articles as are useful, and they will instantly part with their most treasured stores, as, for instance, a canoe, for an axe or saw; latterly woollen cloth and blankets seemed to possess the greatest value.

At the period referred to, their modes of cooking were very simple. A salmon split and traversed by seven or eight skewers transversely, was again threaded, in and out, longitudinally, by a long wooden spit. This, stuck into the ground, and inclined over the fire, caused the hot fat from the tail to run down the sides, and cleanly and effectually to roast the whole dish fit for any epicure.

Their propensity for ardent spirits had not then been elicited, but tobacco they knew and coveted as *tawac*. Smoking had long been a habit among them, and their pipes, with their stout carved bowls, afforded proof of great ingenuity. Before the introduction of tobacco, they used the stem and down of a peculiar grass steeped in some aromatic gum.

Their custom of smoking, before the introduction of tobacco, seems to be allied to some superstitious ceremony, from which women and boys were excluded. The process is described as follows:—The party being seated, and the bowl of the pipe, which is only one-eighth of an inch in diameter by three-quarters of an inch in depth, filled, the leader or chief of the party commences by inhaling by deep and rapid inhalations, so as suddenly to exhaust the tobacco, and without permitting any smoke to escape. Suddenly he passes the pipe to his nearest neighbour, and throwing himself forward on his face, seems to become stupefied and indeed insensible for many minutes; he recovers gradually with a wild, stupid gaze, denoting a very severe effect upon the brain. Those around preserve a superstitious silence and demeanour, and for some time remain so, no one attempting to refill the pipe until the paroxysm has passed away. In regard to the women of the country, Sir Edward remarks that they are held in great respect by those of the opposite sex; and amongst this people their absence is always to be reckoned on as indicative of distrust, fear, or possibly treachery.

All the clothes, finery, and indeed very delicate embroidery, are executed throughout the regions under discussion by the women; and the museums of this country all attest the beauty of their designs, as well as the extreme delicacy of their manufacture.

The following entertaining account of the capture of a seal occurs in Sir Edward's paper:—In warm weather (the month of August), no ice being present, two Esquimaux encased themselves in seal-skins, and swam about a rock on which several seals were basking. The seals became frightened, and before Sir Edward could obtain a shot at them, took to the water. The false seals took their places on the rocks, and he had levelled his rifle and was about to fire, when one of the boats crew exclaimed, "It is a Husky, sir!" One moment more, and the Esquimaux would have been killed. Sir Edward kept in ambush watching them intently till they succeeded in enticing their prey to them by low whining cries. When the real seals arrived within a yard of the rock where the false seals were, one of the latter dealt a seal a blow on the nose; the other, having his arms free, shot a second seal with an arrow, to which a long line and a float were attached, allowing him to drift down with the tide. Two were thus taken and secured by other Esquimaux who were awaiting the result in their *oomiak* behind the neighbouring rocks.

In treating of the instruments submitted to the inspection of the Society, Sir Edward first directs attention to the native planes. All those articles, if closely studied, possess intense interest, exhibiting not only deep thought for the necessities of the moment, but also a far greater degree of arrangement as to the position of the hand and fingers, as well as guard for the wrist, than can be traced amongst others in connection with the most civilized nations. That constructed of wood is certainly the most elaborate, and by the distribution of the fingers, as well as provision for the muscular powers of the hand and wrist, ensures the utmost exertion of power without endangering either wrist or fingers. Our author next

alluded to the chert or flinty weapon in general use amongst the Esquimaux from the parallel of the Aleutian chain, or about 60° north to 72° north, and along the whole coast easterly towards the Great Fish River.

At Cape Lisburne he saw this chert taken from the vein and manufactured under his immediate inspection.

Cape Lisburne is about sixty feet in height, composed of a grayish dolomite. Near the base, about four feet above the sea-level, a vein of chert is found on which this friable stone lies. It varies from about nine inches inland (as exposed) to about three or four inches, as it is lost in the gravelly beach. It is broken in vertical slices or conchoidal plates, by a slight tap with the hammer formed of a very stubborn jade, or nephrite, the splinters affording a ringing sound like glass or pottery.

The drill-bows of the Esquimaux seem to possess almost an historic character. They are formed from the curved portion of the walrus-tusk, and when recent possess great elasticity, but when old or too much dried, splinter and break very easily. The bows of the Esquimaux are either in one single piece, steamed to form, or at times composed of three pieces of wood, their object being apparently to produce a form very similar to the strung bow of the Tartars, and *totally dissimilar* to that of the tribes of Indians on the American shores southerly. In the specimen which Sir Edward presented to the notice of the Society the centre piece was bent with steam, the ends were straight, and being fitted together at the angular bend, the exterior hollow was filled by pieces of deer-horn, ivory, or walrus-tooth. Over this, externally, a series of thongs formed by plaiting the fine fibres of the neck sinew of the reindeer is laid, and then, as seamen term it, "hitched over," to keep it in place. On bending this to its form for service, it can readily be imagined what extraordinary force is demanded to speed the bolt; nor is this all; in very many instances, where the power of the left hand is inadequate to retain the bow firmly in its position, the arms on being thrown very slightly aside, upset and *destroy the bow entirely* until almost reconstructed.

Of the qualities of the Esquimaux, Sir Edward remarks, that they are quick, intelligent, active in resources to meet any sudden emergency; not easily disconcerted, nor excited to anger; nay, even when subjected to sudden chastisement, they appear to retain their good humour. There are, he says, some tribes far the reverse; but he considers that this arises from the constant habit of warfare—from that habit of oppression resulting from the knowledge of power amongst themselves—and in all these cases he thinks theft followed as a natural consequence. When this was detected, it appeared, as is observed in the Chinese, that the commission of the act was not deemed a crime, but that detection, blundering, or want of expertness was monstrous, and deserved punishment!

Our author goes on to remark that he may with safety assert, that a stranger, on viewing at hazard the productions obtained from the Aleutian Islands, on the western boundary of America, (where the Russians have in some degree civilized the women,) and on comparing the articles with those produced under nearly similar circumstances at Lievely, would be puzzled to detect any important difference, either in the objects selected to represent models of their implements, canoes, dresses, &c., or in their attempted finery.

A paper by Dr. Knox on the Assyrian Marbles, and on their place in History and Art,

suggests thought on a topic very different from that which comes before us in Sir E. Belcher's essay, and yet which, reaching far enough back, deals equally with identities in the matter of the origin of art, and of man who develops it.

The marbles to which Dr. Knox refers in his essay, were disinterred at Mosul, a modern town on the Tigris, supposed, with every appearance of probability, to have been the site of ancient Nineveh. Of the objects represented on these marbles the most remarkable are those of man himself. The Assyrian artist, our author assumes, like the Copt, the Mongol, the Greek, and the Roman, portrayed that race to which he himself belonged, the race occupying the city and country in which he dwelt. The dominant race portrayed on these marbles, therefore, may fairly be taken to represent the ethnological or natural history characters of the ancient Assyrians, or the race which once lived on or near the spot where Mosul now stands; and which had attained, adopted, or invented a certain form of civilization, a standing in literature, science, and art.

The first question put by Dr. Knox is, "Do these sculptures represent merely a nation, or do they represent a race?" They seem, he adds in answer, to do both; they exhibit all the organization of a nation at once aggressive and repelling, for we see them attacking walled or fortified towns, while, by the flight of those mounted on the camel, it seems reasonable to suppose that they repelled the wandering and aggressive Arab, whose habits were then, no doubt, what they now are. This Arab was of the same race as the Assyrians; and with both of these there are blended in the sculptures another specimen of men with Ethiopian features, who dwelt in one of the towns conquered by the Assyrians.

An examination of the physiognomies of the peoples sculptured on these slabs leads Dr. Knox to believe that they were a distinct race, and that the modern race which most closely resembles them is the Armenian. Speaking of the degrees of art possessed by the Assyrian sculptor, Dr. Knox gives a spirited account. The Assyrian artists, like the Egyptian, had no regard to the truth of Nature in fashioning the representation of the grandest of all Nature's works—the human figure. To men and women, young and old, they gave nearly the same forms. Of the very essence of art, the beautiful, they had not the least idea. Thus high art never made any progress with either race, and never could; neither has it ever been done with any race of men excepting the Greek, and those who, like the Italian and other modern races, have, after a struggle of many centuries, at last agreed to accept of truth for conventionalism. Thus all the figures of the Assyrian school, man, woman, and child, were carved after one model—a model displaying the coarse anatomy of the interior structures of the body, of all sights the most abhorred by those on whom Nature has bestowed a love of fine forms and of the beautiful. In their sculptures the Assyrians displayed even the skeleton forms of the feet, forms which Nature constantly endeavours to conceal, and successfully conceals in all her finest productions of humanity.

Overlooking the defects in the matter of the human figure, we discover in their representations of animals, and especially of the lion, wild horse, and dog, much that is admirable.

From the sculptures Dr. Knox infers that the "religious folly" of the race of which he speaks did not assume the character of fire-

worship; its representatives knew nothing of the dog-headed gods of Egypt; their man-headed lions and bulls were peculiar to themselves. Their demons seem to have been Zoroastrian, and such, probably, was their form of belief.

The conclusions drawn by the author at the end of his paper on the Assyrian sculptures are:—That the ancient Assyrians and modern Armenians are the same race; that neither they nor the Copts ever made any extended conquests; that in their pictorial and sculptural works much was left to the artists, ever desirous of flattering the national vanity; that the Assyrian marbles are probably as old as the age of Homer; that they invented a form of art, or gave to art a form peculiar to their race; that the progress they made was in manipulation and handling, or workmanship; but that, like the Copt, they could make no progress in fine art, inasmuch as nature had denied to them a love of truth and a knowledge of the beautiful. This, then, was their position in history and in art. The key to their language has been lost. But for the sculptured black marble column now in the Museum, there would be scarcely anything to show that the Assyrians ever quitted the valleys of the Tigris and the Armenian territory. The appearance of the Asiatic elephant and Bactrian camel on this column, led as spoils of war, seems to show that a foraging party had reached Bactria, and returned. The Assyrians were unacquainted with Syria and the Jews; so were the Copts. Herodotus does not mention the Jews, nor does Xenophon, who traversed all these countries.

In a succeeding article we shall consider the arguments of our Ethnological friends in reference to the unity of species.

SOCIETIES.

MANCHESTER LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

January 21.—E. W. Binney, F.R.S., F.G.S., Vice-President, in the chair.

William Arthur Darbishire, Esq., B.A., was elected an ordinary member of the Society.

A communication "On the Action of Nitrate of Sodium on Sulphide of Sodium at Different Temperatures," by Dr. Ph. Pauli, Union Alkali Works, St. Helens, Lancashire, was read by Professor Roscoe.

Mr. Leigh suggested that the evolution of nitrogen in volcanic eruptions might be due to a reaction similar to that described in Dr. Pauli's paper.

Mr. Spence and Dr. Calvert explained the processes employed in manufacturing caustic soda for commercial purposes. Mr. Spence also described the beds of nitrate of soda in Southern Peru and Northern Chili, from which nearly all the commercial nitrate of soda is obtained.

Mr. Baxendell believed that the preservation of the nitrate of soda in these beds had been due to the dryness of the climate, as rain rarely falls in the region in which they are found. Had the climate been a rainy one, he believes the deposits of nitrate of soda would long since have been washed away.

Mr. Baxendell communicated an observation of Saturn which he had lately made. Owing to the relative positions of the sun and earth, with respect to the plane of the ring of Saturn, the ring ought now to be quite invisible in telescopes of moderate power; but on the night of the 18th instant he had seen very distinctly a portion of the ring on the following or east side of the planet. The telescope used was Mr. Worthington's achromatic of five inches aperture. He also stated that from observations made by himself and Mr. Williamson, in 1848, he had been led to believe that the plane of the ring was not exactly parallel to the dark belts on

the body of the planet. As several members of the Society now possess good telescopes, it is to be hoped they will direct their attention to this interesting point, and favour the Society with the results of their observations.

A paper "On the Convective Equilibrium of Temperature in the Atmosphere," by Professor Wm. Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., was read by Dr. Joule.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

February 3.—William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair.

Robert Russell Carew, Esq., William Whitaker Collins, Esq., John Parnell, Esq., M.A., and Major-General Edward Sabine, R.A., D.C.L., President of the Royal Society, were elected members.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

February 4.—John Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.

The discussion upon Mr. J. D'A. Samuda's paper "On the Form and Materials for Iron-Plated Ships, and the points requiring attention in their construction," was again resumed.

At the monthly ballot the following candidates were balloted for and duly elected:—Sir C. T. Bright, Messrs. I. Anderson, R. C. Despard, A. W. Forde, G. W. M. Hellyer, and H. P. Le Mesurier, as Members; H. I. Girdlestone, C. A. Hanson, Alderman D. Salomons, M.P., J. F. Sharp, and C. F. S. Smith, as Associates.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

February 4.—J. Crawford, Esq., President, in the chair.

A paper was read by Dr. Hunt "On the Acclimatization of Man." The author commenced by pointing out the fallacy of the popular belief in the cosmopolitan powers of man, and entered minutely into the effects of climate, including in that term not merely latitude and longitude, but the physical structure of the district, its soil, the food it produced, the quantity of light, and the prevalence of certain winds, all of which exerted important influences. He further went into the geography of diseases, also an essential part of the investigation, and produced a voluminous mass of evidence, statistics and details to show that a race removed from its prescribed salubrious geographical area, or ethnic centre, deteriorated in other regions; and that degeneracy taking place, it was only a question of time as to its ultimate extinction. The returns from India and the British possessions in the Mauritius, Malta, Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere, as well as those of France for Algeria, all showed an excess of deaths over births.

The same was the case when negroes or other coloured races were similarly transplanted; and the author, in conclusion, urged the importance of an earnest investigation of the subject, on the ground that it was of the utmost moment to mankind to eliminate a true knowledge of the laws which govern the acclimatization of its races.

Mr. Layard, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Dr. Sandwith, Sir Erskine Perry, General Tulloch, Dr. Hodgkin, Mr. Luke Burke, Mr. Robert Chambers, and the President followed each other in the discussion in confirming Dr. Hunt's views as to the deterioration which took place after rapid translation; but there seemed a general tendency to believe that the historical accounts of the migration of peoples by slow stages was correct.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.—South Kensington Museum, 8.—Lecture: Mechanical Physics, by the Rev. B. M. Cople.
Royal Geographical Society, 8½, at Burlington House.—Dispatch from his Excellency Sir Henry Barkley Governor of Victoria, on the Expedition which, under the late Mr. R. O'Hara Burke and Mr. W. J. Wills, with Messrs. Grey and King, succeeded in crossing the Australian Continent, from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria; communicated by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.—Journals of the Expedition, with the Astronomical Observations of Mr. Wills; communicated by Governor Barkley to Sir Roderick I. Murchison.—Proceedings of the Exploring Party under Mr. F. T.

Gregory in North-West Australia.—Letter from Captain Cadell to Sir Roderick I. Murchison, on the Country to the East and North of the Grey and Stanley Ranges.

TUESDAY.—Royal Horticultural Society, 1.—Anniversary Meeting.

Royal Institution, 3.—On the Physiology of the Senses, by John Marshall, Esq.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Continued Discussion upon Mr. Samuda's paper on Iron-Plated Ships.

WEDNESDAY.—British Archaeological Association, 8½.—On Recent Excavations at Cirencester, and the Discovery of a Sculptured Deo Matres, by Professor Buckman.

—On the Priory of Monmouth, by Mr. Wakeman.

Society of Arts.—On the Economic Application of Sawwood, by Edward C. Stanford, Esq.

THURSDAY.—Royal Institution, 3.—On Heat, by Professor Tyndall.

FRIDAY.—Royal Institution, 8.—On Mr. Graham's Researches in Dialysis, by Dr. W. Odling, F.R.S.

SATURDAY.—Royal Institution, 3.—On the English Language, by Rev. A. J. D'Orsey.

FINE ARTS.

DANTE'S GALLERY.

This is a species of entertainment novel in London. It takes place in a smaller exhibition-room adjoining St. James's Hall. The spectator, duly arriving at the appointed hour, finds himself in a long apartment, and sees affixed to a wall or partition a large gilt frame, within which hangs a curtain inscribed, "Galleria Dantesca." This is lighted from above—the light, be it observed, being neither abundant nor skillfully disposed. Upon the curtain being drawn up, as the performance begins, the first of a series of twenty-seven large paintings, illustrative of the Divina Commedia, is exposed to view for some three or four minutes; during which time a description of the scene is read, accompanied by extracts from Cary's translation. Then the curtain falls; a few bars of music are played; picture No. 1 is rolled off on a cylinder behind the wall, and a second takes its place. The curtain is raised again, the second picture viewed and described, and so on. The arrangement is thus of the simplest description, and about an hour and a half is occupied in getting through the series.

With respect to the merits of the performance, we may say at once that to those who are students of Dante in the historical or the artistic sense, these pictures will convey little that is valuable. In design they display all the conventionalism of modern Italian art, overweighted as it is with the precedents of ages, which there seems not to be vigour enough either to carry easily or to shake off. The figure treatment is exaggerated as to the muscular drawing throughout, and perhaps in no one scene is this affectation of the academy more strikingly shown than in No. 23, representing the *Proud loaded with Stones*, where the leg, which is clothed, of the standing figure of Dante, exhibits as much defined muscle as the naked limbs of the men who are supporting prodigious, if not impossible, weights on their backs. Of the colour it is not easy to speak, as the pictures are exhibited by evening light; but in landscape nothing can be weaker than the conception and the execution. *The Happy Valley*, No. 21, in which Dante dreams of the Golden Eagle, is one of the dreariest wastes ever scanned by human eye; a similar barrenness reigns over the shores of that dead sea by which Dante and Virgil stand conversing with Cato in No. 18; and the *Terrestrial Paradise*, No. 24, is a grievous misnomer. And yet it would be unjust to deny to this series the most sincere endeavour and determination to deal faithfully, according to the style and ideal of the artists, with the formidable task before them. They labour under the disadvantage of having to render the great conceptions of one whose thoughts are dissociated from ours, both by age and nation; and there are multitudes of readers to whom no pictorial rendering whatever, of any of the great poets, is ever satisfactory. Let it not, however, be forgotten that there are many persons besides, who are anxious to know something about Dante, for whom such an exhibition as this may have its uses. Every one expects to reap some advantage from having the poet interpreted to him by descendants of the same race; and there is no doubt that the form of Dante's conceptions were in some measure influenced by the renderings of the art he saw around him, even at that early epoch. If, therefore, these

illustrations are found to follow closely the traditions of the old Italian painters, we may expect to arrive, by deduction from a common source, at some of the images which must have haunted the poet's imagination, and which he may have endeavoured to express. This reflection occurs with especial force on seeing the two last pictures of the series, representing the *Throne of the Virgin* and *The Triumph of Divine Majesty*, where the traditions of Christian symbolism are embodied. If something of this mode of representing the beatitude of angels and the glory of the Virgin, is to be traced in Italian works anterior to Dante, then we may, perhaps, safely follow these interpretations of his description of Paradise. If, on the other hand, as we cannot help suspecting, the present designs are framed only on the after-thoughts of painters subsequent to Raphael, reproduced with slight variations, we then revolt against the anachronism which would illustrate Dante by the fulsome inventions of a later age. This is a question which we do not here pretend to decide, especially in the presence of those who should be our teachers in this matter; but to any whom leisure and adequate knowledge of Italian art qualify for the investigation, it may not be uninteresting.

As in the poem, so in conceptions formed upon it, the scenes of the Inferno are the most vivid, and the most easily presentable to all minds in common. Paolo and Francesca flitting through the gloom, Ugolino in the ice, Lucifer clamping up sinners with three mouths at once, are situations which are at least unmistakable. Nobody can doubt either what the poet meant, or what the painters mean. Accordingly, here the scenes are the strongest; and although that of Lucifer, No. 17, approaches too nearly to a grotesque type of design, yet there is no wilful depreciation on the part of the illustrators of their grand theme. Of the whole series it appears to us that the most effective is No. 14, *The Hypocrites and Caiaphas*, where the sense of weight about the leaden robes and caps in which the hypocrites suffer is very well conveyed. In No. 10, *The Angel Unbraiding the Demon of Dis*, we observe that the figure here drawn floating in the air, is one of those weak female shapes which symbolize the conventional angels of everyday art; but here the language of the poem seems unusually plain—

"This said he turned back . . .
And syllable to us spake none; but wore
The semblance of a man by other care
Beset, and keenly prest," &c.

The attempt to render that most sublime of poetical visions, *The Ship Steered by the Angel*, No. 19, where the spirits sing together "In exitu Israel," before they are dismissed, is, from its failure, the most painful of the series. It is quite needless to speak of that monstrous and impossible machine supposed to be a boat; or of those academic figures in motion supposed to be spirits; or of that angel who is at the rear, and not at the prow of the vessel. There is a gleam of poetical treatment in the next picture, No. 20, *Casella's Song*; and *Bertrand di Born*, No. 15, is undoubtedly conceived with much spirit and force.

The design of this gallery is stated to have been formed by Cavaliere Romualdo Gentiluoci, of Rome; the arrangement of the pictures to have been formed by Professor C. Filippo Bigioli; and the names of the artists who have assisted him in their execution to be Alfonso Chierici, of Modena; Vincenzo Paliotti, of Naples; F. Grandi, and Achille Guerra. As we have said, the exhibition may find its uses amongst those who are unacquainted with the poem of Dante, but then it can only be by way of creating a desire for something better. We wish to offer every courteous welcome to efforts on the part of Italian artists, who lay before us illustrations of their own poet; but it must be known to them that there is a large class amongst us, learned and accomplished, who could not endure with patience the thought of rendering Dante and his works under the forms or on the principles of art which are here exhibited.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

The date of opening of this Exhibition, originally fixed in the month of June, has been perhaps wisely

changed to the first week in February; when the eye of the visitor, instead of being jaded with a long succession of picture-shows throughout the spring and summer months, welcomes with pleasure the first-fruits of the Art-season, in the re-appearance of a collection of paintings at a time which was usually the dulllest in the year. We doubt not that the exhibitors are gainers by the alteration, though they have gloomy and short days to contend with.

Many noticeable variations occur from time to time in the Female Artists' Exhibition. The features we particularly observed, on the occasion of the opening on Saturday last, were the comparative fewness of the works, as well as of the exhibitors (there being only two hundred and eighty-four objects contributed by a hundred and thirty-three ladies), the preponderance of good figure studies over pictures of corresponding aim in landscape, and the presence of several foreign artists as competitors with our English ladies. On all these grounds we hope there is subject for congratulation. Undoubtedly, a judicious culling of the flowers improves the quality of the nosegay; and a few first-class pictures will render an exhibition more popular than an indiscriminate assemblage, amongst which the good specimens are lost. The growing preference of figures to landscape, for subjects of the pencil, is a proof of the tendency of modern Art to retreat before photography with its multiplicity of detail to a less assailable field of its own, where human action commands a higher degree of interest. This is perhaps only natural and desirable, inasmuch as figure-drawing a few years since was confined to a small number of students as compared with those who pitched their camps in Surrey, North Wales, and the Highlands, sketching rocks, trees, and mountains. Still the poetry of landscape, the science of interpreting the aspects of Nature, as they speak through the eye to the mind, remains as much a domain of art as ever; unapproached by the most accurate sun-painting that can be invented. It is only to be regretted that most of the ladies who exhibit figure-subjects do so without having gone through a regular training of drawing from the figure; and now that photography has compelled artists to keep to strict accuracy in landscape, it seems to be supposed that greater latitude is permissible in delineating the human form. This is the great drawback to success in most of the works of this class in the present gallery.

Taking the figure subjects first in order, among the more careful and aspiring must be noticed *The Escape of Grotius from Löwenstein* (57), which in its treatment reminds the spectator irresistibly of the modern Belgian school. Two soldiers are descending a flight of steps carrying a chest, in which the person of Grotius is concealed, under the direction of a lady, who orders them to convey this suspiciously weighty burden to a boat which is in readiness. The figure and attitude of the lady are quite masterly. Those of the descending soldiers are not so bold, but still correct and in good keeping. We notice a freshness and want of "wear" about the helmets and cuirasses of the soldiers, and the lady's dress is not pleasing in colour; but the whole scene is clearly told, and the ease and dignity of the female figure is very praiseworthy. There are five other works by this lady, amongst the rest a *Portrait of a Child* (75), very nicely finished.

In an equally high class of merit must be placed a picture by Mlle. Eudes de Guimard, representing a *School in Normandy* (76). The picture is low in tone, clear and exact in drawing, and the faces of the children are remarkable for their variety and truthfulness of expression. The same power of seizing the most subtle traits of gesture and emotion is to be traced in the *Child Looking at Fruit* (44), and the *Young Girl Caressing a Dove* (85).

Another French artist, Mlle. Sophie Jobert, sends a painting of a scene in character, called *The Absent Scholar* (68). A young man is attempting to write from dictation at a table, but is distracted by the charms of the daughter of the preceptor, who stands by. The group is elegant and full of taste, but wanting in firmness of painting. *Resting at the Well* (183), a water-colour drawing, by Mrs. Paul Natel, represents the figure of a child in a landscape, both painted with great care and minute-

ness, and in a light, fresh tone of colouring. This is a very graceful and artistic production.

The head of a young female in oils, by Mrs. H. Mosely, called *Miranda* (94), attracts much attention. The features (full front) are very large and open, considering the age of the subject; the hair, somewhat dishevelled, is arranged so as to give life and movement to the head; the eyes beam with a startled and gay expression; the colour is very delicately shaded; and the painting is worked up so as to present a fine and smooth surface to the eye. Though rather too glossy for some tastes, this work is deservedly admired.

Six figures, studies in water-colours, are sent by Mrs. Backhouse, the models being either French fruit-women, as in 133 and 173; a mischievous young specimen of "servant-galism," as in 154 and 198; or a French *Porteuse*, as in 206 and 224. In drawing and colour the force of these pictures is undeniable; and the humour they display, though in vulgar examples, fully proves the power of the artist's pencil.

A composition by Miss Millais, illustrative of the legend of *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green* (107), is noticeable from its elaborate composition and strange treatment; though we cannot add that the picture is agreeable, or the action very intelligible.

Miss Justine Deffell contributes two illustrations of Walter Scott, *Effie Deans* (4), and *Rose Bradwardine* (8), both careful and elegant, but unfortunately weak in the figure drawing. The head of Waverley also is too feminine, and must have been studied from a female sitter.

We notice also three excellent subjects by Miss Ellen Partridge, *The Lace Maker* (42), and two clever Portraits (80 and 90); a very pleasing figure of a child holding *Wild Flowers* (53), minutely drawn and coloured, by Mrs. Swift; two clever water-colour portraits of a gipsy woman, near Hereford (109 and 118), by Lady Belcher; and two promising studies, *The Gleaner* (120) and *Flower Girl* (148), by Rose Rayner.

Miss Agnes Bouvier contributes two very graceful but somewhat insipid figures, *The First-Born* (136) and *Little Heath-Flower* (218); Miss Annie Nonnen has succeeded in catching the pretty features of a *Swedish Peasant* (116); two *Spanish Girls* (153), by Solita Diston, illustrate another type of physiognomy; and Madame Georgii displays the power of a skilled artist in the almost too-faithful Portrait (20), and the child's head (66).

On the screen, *A Slight Portrait* (250), by Adelaide Burgess; a female head (232), by Julia Meiklam; and another study (261), by Alice Laird, all in water-colours, are distinguished either by the skill or care of their execution.

It remains to notice briefly the studies in landscape, of which the good specimens are few. Mrs. Oliver is successful as ever in the finished views of *Rydal Water* (62 and 142), and in the spirited water-colour sketches, *Bolton Le Sands* (186) and *Near Halstead* (187); and *Glen Sloy* (100) and *The Loch of Lomond* (106) are two excellent studies by Mrs. Brown, apparently after photographs. Mrs. Dundas Murray, the secretary to the Society, contributes a fine *View of the Bass Rock* (86), with an approaching storm; and an equally striking *Coast Scene in Jersey* (85). A remarkable landscape, taken in an Italian garden, painted in panel with a full pencil, by Mrs. T. J. Thompson, called *Evening at Genoa* (3), will attract attention by its minuteness of detail, brilliant sky, and faithful delineation of the spires of the distant city. Mrs. Robertson Blaine contributes more of the scenes of Eastern life, of which many examples have been already exhibited—*The Fountain of the Virgin, Nazareth* (61), and *Evening in the Desert* (77). *Langdale Pikes* (121) is a landscape in water-colours, of some pretensions, by Miss Maria Gastineau.

We are reminded of David Cox by the sketch called *Minnow Fishing* (153), by Jane Deakin; and more distantly of Copley Fielding by the *Rock in Jersey* (101) and *The Sea* (166), by Mrs. R. A. A remarkable bit of sea-coast scenery has been given by Mrs. Carey in *La Blainière* (215); and the *Day before Rain* (92), by Miss Townsend; and *Seven Oaks* (30), by Miss Lydia Ede, each in a

different style, attains the merit of faithful representation.

The most important painting in the room belongs to the class of architectural and street views. This work is the *Rosslyn Chapel* (46) of Miss Louise Rayner. The size of this picture is, we confess, in our view, a disadvantage. The breadth and boldness with which all the middle portions of the picture, the celebrated "apprentice's" pillar, and bits of the roof adjoining, are painted, leave nothing to be desired; and the style of handling is appropriate to the character of the sculptured masonry. But this treatment becomes tedious and laboured in some of the distant portions, and especially in the nearer pillar, where the dull iteration of painting great pier-stones one on the top of another, all alike and equally uninteresting, is evident to the spectator, and must have been felt by the artist. We cannot speak from experience of the tints of the interior of Rosslyn chapel, but in this respect the green colouring appear to be inharmonious to an unaccountable extent. This work, nevertheless, exhibits power and skill in a high degree, a perfect appreciation of architectural details, and untiring labour. *West Bow, Edinburgh* (130), in water-colour, by the same artist, is, in our opinion, the finest drawing in the room. There is no sense of weariness here, but the picturesqueness of this, the most romantic bit of street architecture extant in the British islands, is rendered with a success truly artistic and delightful. *The Belfry, Harbledown Church* (227), shows, along with a really fine effect of deep shadow, what may be done in the way of texture of stone, &c., by a combination of oil and water-colours on rough drawing-board. The result is very showy and striking. Miss Isabella Jones contributes three street scenes, from *Rouen* (126), *Teukesbury* (156), and *Gloucester* (190), a little exaggerated as to the dilapidated character of the various buildings, and somewhat mannered in the use of lines to represent shade, but highly picturesque and tasteful. Mrs. Hemming's views, both at home and abroad, display the taste which her exhibited pictures have always shown.

In conclusion, we have only space to allude to the admirable studies of poultry and animals (18, 45, 70, and 87), by Mlle. Juliette Peyrol (*née Bonheur*); in some of which also are to be seen traces of that mysterious, blotchy, white, green, and yellow landscape peculiar to the French school; to the excellent *Fruit* (180), by Miss Lance; *Flowers* (65), by Florence Peel, accurately painted as to the tints of each, but inharmoniously grouped as to the colour of the whole; *Vegetables* (138), by H. B.; and *Strawberries* (191), by Mrs. Withers, which would have been perfect, had not the high lights been quite so white.

Some paintings on porcelain, after the Dresden pictures, by Mrs. Morgan (262, 264, and 277), will be examined with interest. Mrs. Thornycroft sends a model for a statue of *The Princess Beatrice* (279); Naomi Burrell, a design for a wounded female figure, *Blanch of Devon* (280), very expressive, but somewhat over-refined, possibly, for a poor crazy Highland woman; and lastly, Rosa Bonheur contributes three small bronzes, one of a *Bull* (281), a second of a *Ram* (282), and a third of a *Sheep* (283); the first of the three being the best, the last of a species that has long become extinct on the lawns of England, and in the traditions of Baker Street.

A beautiful drawing of *The Nativity*, by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, in the style for which she is celebrated, has been added to the collection, and is fixed to a separate table.

The absence of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, who was formerly one of the stars of this gallery, is to be accounted for by her having been elected an Associate of the New Water-Colour Society.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The performance on Friday last of "Deborah"—an oratorio not often heard at the concerts of this Society—was in every way highly satisfactory. On the last occasion on which it was given, in the year 1854, Mme. Clara Novello undertook the part of

Deborah, whilst Herr Fornes represented the basso, Mme. Sainton-Dolby then, as in the present instance, singing the contralto part assigned to *Barak*. When we call to mind the date of this noble composition, first produced in the year 1733, the second in chronological order of that "matchless series of dramas and epics," "Esther" being the first, we are more than ever struck by the freshness, the grandeur, and the real dramatic spirit which pervades the whole opera. Perhaps an exception to this latter qualification may be found in the contralto song allotted to *Sisera* (very effectively rendered by Mme. Laura Baxter), "At my feet extended low," the haughty arrogance of which, as represented in the libretto,—

"At my feet extended low,
Favour by thy tears engage;
Or thou soon shalt tremble, know,
Slighted mercy turns to rage,"—

is hardly depicted with sufficient force by the melody to which it is allied—a melody which has always appeared to us of a soft and tender character. The additions made to the score by Mr. Costa are few and judicious; and, except in the case of one or two choruses, hardly to be perceived by the listener, unless he come to the performance prepared by a special examination of the original score. Three pieces were encored,—the contralto air of *Sisera*, mentioned above; the bass solo in E flat in the third part, "Tears such as tender fathers shed;" and the spirited chorus, "O Baal, monarch of the skies;"—how different, by the way, is this last from Mendelssohn's conception of the same idea in "Elijah," as exemplified in the heathen chorus, "Baal, we cry to thee;" and yet how striking is the dramatic rendering in each!

HERR PAUER'S CONCERTS.

The first of Herr Pauer's performances took place last Saturday at Willis's Rooms; but the attendance, notwithstanding the repute of the performer and the really excellent character of the concert, was hardly so large as one might have reasonably presumed would have been the case. In these six performances, Herr Pauer traces the history of our modern pianoforte, from its origin down to its latest development. For this purpose he has divided the whole course of modern musical history into four periods, each being illustrated by compositions peculiar to it. Thus, in the first period (1620–1720), we have *Toccatas* by Kerl and Froberger, and a *Sonata* (the first ever written) by Kuhnau; to the second period (1720–1780) belong J. S. Krebs, and Kirnberger; in the third (1780–1820) we find the names of Mozart, Müller, and Hummel; whilst in the fourth period (1820 to the present time) the more familiar names of Schubert, Thalberg, and Henselt are paraded before us. At the conclusion of the whole concert, Herr Pauer was warmly applauded for his highly artistic and interesting performance.

The directors of the Philharmonic Society have issued their annual programme for the season, announcing a series of eight concerts, the first of which will take place early in March. In addition, there will be a supplementary concert in July, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Society. On this occasion a new work, written expressly for the purpose by Professor Sterndale Bennett, the conductor of the concerts, will be performed.

The retirement of M. Offenbach from the management of the Bouffes Parisiens is talked of, and M. Alphonse Varney, the present *chef d'orchestre*, mentioned as his successor. For the sake of the theatre itself, we trust that this rumour may be without foundation, as M. Offenbach's popularity as a composer is too extensive to admit of his being easily replaced.

At the Théâtre Italien, an opera of Donizetti, "Il Furioso" (first performed at Rome in the year 1833), was given for the first time in Paris on Sunday last. Mlle. Marie Battu and Signors Delle Sedie and Zucchini enacted the chief parts in it.

M. Emile Perrin, who retired from the direction of the Opéra Comique in the year 1857, after amassing a considerable fortune during his ten years' tenure of the office, is once more to resume his old post, in succession to M. Beaumont.

The director of the Italian troupe of artists who have lately been giving a series of performances at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, has suddenly decamped, carrying off with him the contents of the treasury, a sum amounting to six or seven thousand thalers. Some boxes, which he had left behind him in his flight, were found to be, as might have been expected—perfectly empty!

The musical library of M. Gaetano Gaspari, well known to musicians for the rarity and the merit of the works contained in it, was sold by auction last week in Paris.

Meyerbeer's opera, "Les Huguenots," which has been performed in every European capital for years past, was represented in Naples, for the first time, a week or two since.

A new society has lately been formed in Paris *L'Athénée Musical*, for the purpose of affording to young and untried composers an opportunity of bringing their works before the public. The compositions are to be performed in the first instance before a committee of members selected for the purpose, on whose recommendation they will be afterwards presented to the public. The founder of the society is M. Jules Bertaux.

A correspondent writing from Paris says:—

"A performance took place yesterday which, I think, may justly be considered unique of its kind. For it was absolutely impossible not only to wish, but even to imagine, a nearer approach to perfection than it presented. I allude to the second concert given by the 'Conservatoire Impérial de Musique.' It opened with a symphony of Haydn (25th), and it was this particular piece which was given with a mastery which, till then, I had not believed possible. For it was not as a whole only that the performance was so truly wonderful: every delicate passage was given with a taste and feeling, and exquisite grace, which it would not be surprising to find in the individual artist, but which is perfectly wonderful when found in a whole orchestra. It is quite conceivable that with unceasing practice a degree of precision may be attained which seems almost marvellous; and forty violins may sound as though one arm called forth their sound; but what is not so easy to understand is, that a passage of surpassing tenderness should be given by several with a feeling and delicacy which we only find in the performance of the consummate artist. To listen to twenty violins give an adagio with all the pathos and soul which we might suppose to animate the individual virtuoso—is neither more nor less than extraordinary. Never in Germany, where I have been in the habit of hearing the best music admirably performed, did I meet with a performance to be compared to that of last Sunday. To hear that symphony given, as the Members of the Conservatoire gave it, was well worth a journey across the Channel. All the fine gradations of character which are to be found in this wonderful composition were brought out, and made to tell with masterly skill. But it was played to a discriminating and appreciating audience, and the applause after each part showed how great was the delight, and how thorough the enjoyment. The last part indeed it was necessary to repeat, in order to satisfy the loud and long-continued calls of 'encore.'"

"The Hall of the Conservatoire is said to be unique in its acoustic properties, a circumstance which doubtless added greatly to the effect produced. But the artistic distribution of the instruments must also be taken into account. Instead of being spread over a large space, the violins were brought near together in a group on the foreground. While in the centre of the platform and on both wings the violoncellos were placed. A volume of sound, rounded and full and complete, was called forth by this arrangement, which I do not believe could be produced in any other way."

OMNIANA.

Egyptian Letter of the Time of Rameses II.—The museum of Leyden possesses a small collection of original letters in the Egyptian hieratic character, of

the age of Rameses II. (fourteenth century B.C.), endorsed with the names of the writers and of the persons to whom they were addressed. Facsimiles of them have been published in a recent number of the *Monuments Égyptiens du Musée d'Antiquités des Pays-Bas*, edited by Dr. Leemans. Few of these letters turn upon matters of any importance; they mostly consist of mere compliments and pious wishes. The following may be taken as a specimen:—The letter is contained in plate CCLXXI. of the *Monuments*. "Auditor Mersuafet salutes his lady, female-musician of Isis, Tenra. Life, health, and strength, by the grace of Amen-Ra, king of the gods. I pray to the Sun-Horus, to Amen of Ramesu-Meiamen, to Ptah of Ramesu-Meiamen, to the Sun Ramesu-Meiamen, to Sutekh, the most glorious, of Ramesu-Meiamen, to all the gods and goddesses of the house of Ramesu-Meiamen, the great majesty of the Sun-Horus,—mayest thou be strong, mayest thou live, mayest thou enjoy health, mayest thou continue in the grace of Isis, thy mistress; that I may behold thee flourishing. The communication:—The Captain is well, his men are well, his children are well. Let not thy heart be (troubled) for them. They are well to-day; we know not what will be our condition to-morrow. Farewell!" This letter is endorsed: "Auditor Mersuafet to his lady, female-musician, Tenra."

The Word Paiocke in Hamlet.—In *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2, *Hamlet* says:—

"For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very, very,—*Paiocke*."

Pope proposed *peacock* for *paiocke*, and this emendation has met with very general acceptance. Mr. C. Knight retains *paiocke*, and refers to an ingenious suggestion, that the word may be equivalent to *baiocco*, a small Italian coin worth about three farthings. The passage in *King John*, act i. scene 1,

"In my ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes,"

is referred to as an instance of the contemptuous application of "three farthings." Supposing *baiocco* to be the word really meant, there is another train of ideas which may have led to the whimsical use of *paiocke*, and which has, I believe, never been pointed out. The word with which, as Horatio says, *Hamlet* "might have rhymed" is of course *ass*. May not the similarity of this word with the name of the Roman coin *as* have suggested the substitution of *baiocke*, or *paiocke*, a piece of equally small value?—G.

Excavations at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Capua.—We learn from a correspondent at Naples that fresh excavations have been made during the last month (January) at Pompeii, in that part of the city (*insula*) near the theatres. Painting and frescoes have been discovered in a remarkable state of preservation. Among them some *Genii* playing on the flute, of the life-size. Inscriptions also have been found, traced with the *stylus* (*graffiti*) and a painting representing two large serpents (*genii locorum*), with these words painted in beautiful character:—OTIOSIS HIC LOCUS NON EST. DISCEDE MORATOR. These walls apparently formed part of some public building, the object of which we cannot now ascertain.

The excavations at Herculaneum are already commenced by order of the Government. In December there were discovered in this city two lions in marble, executed in a beautiful Greek style, fragments of wooden furniture partially charred, chairs and chests, boxes formed of rushes, a grindstone, and other minor objects. The inspector of the excavations, Signor Giuseppe Fiorelli, is in treaty for the purchase of the ground, and these excavations will be continued on a grand scale. At Capua the excavations of the amphitheatre are about to recommence, as well as at Puzzoli, which contains the most remarkable circus of antiquity, as regards its state of preservation—especially the underground part—which is of unparalleled interest. The Government has placed considerable sums at the disposal of the Committee of Inspection at Naples to prosecute these great works, and very important results may be anticipated.

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